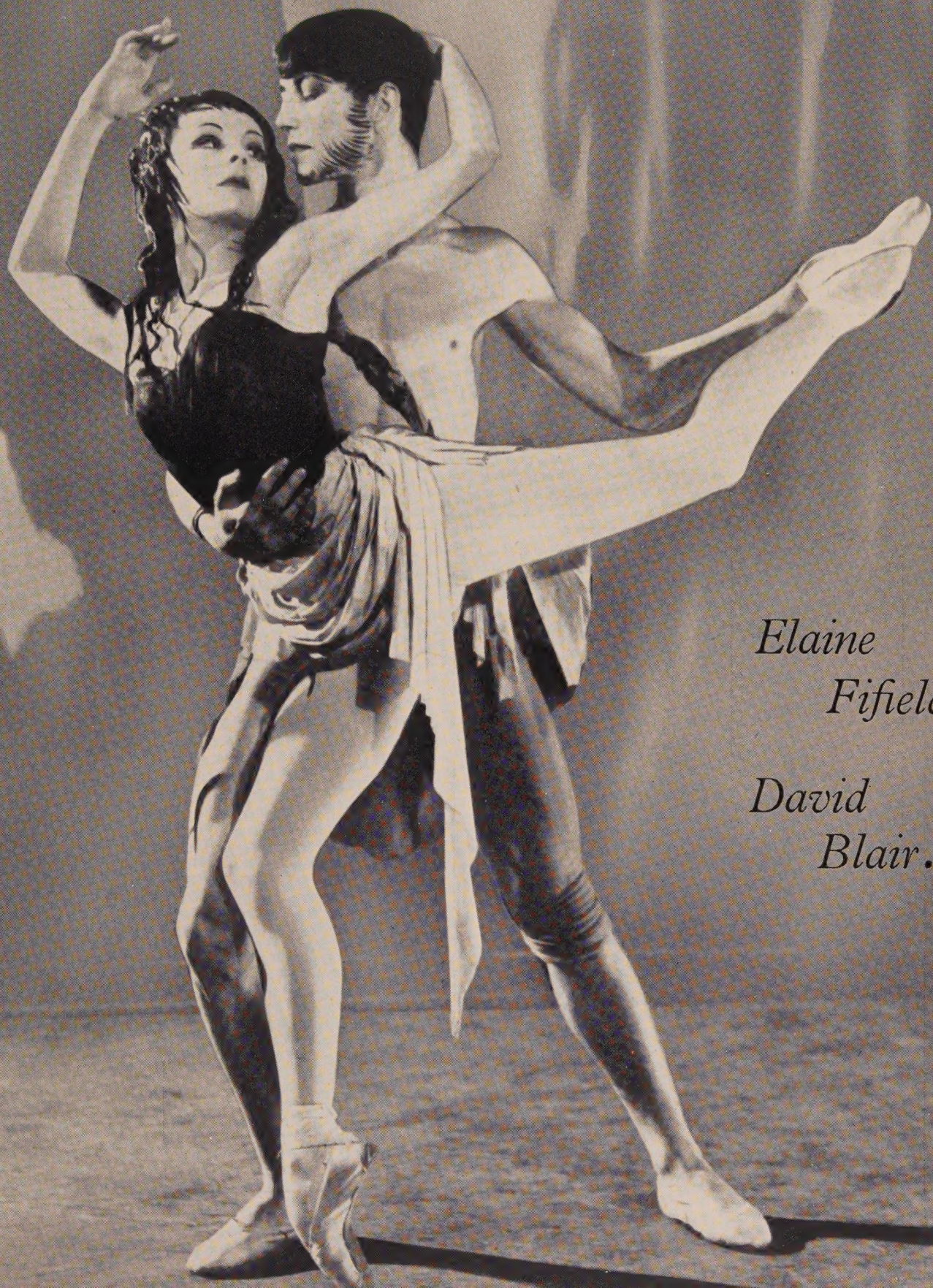


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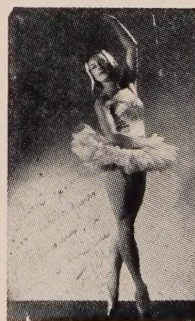
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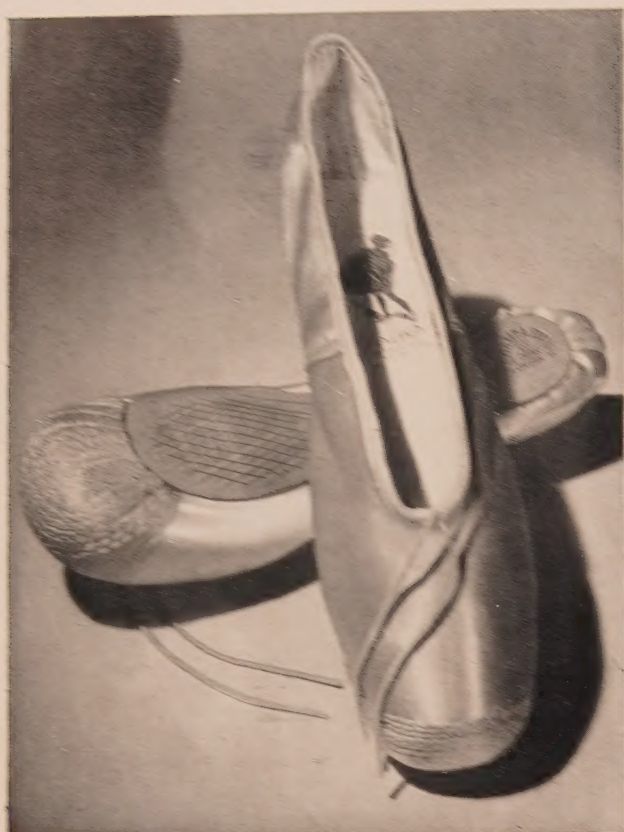
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PHILIP CHATFIELD Reason: For being yet another British male dancer to disprove an old legend.

FOR many years it has been common belief that the male dancer of England was an inferior animal. It is true that English male dancers develop late; nor has their progress been helped by continual wars and long stretches of military service. But in the past two years the British male animal has astounded everyone and in most companies the stronger sex has lived up to his name.

In the new production of *Sylvia* at Covent Garden, Chatfield danced the role of Aminta with Beryl Grey's Sylvia. His performance was such that he fulfilled all the hopes we had of him when we saw his Florestan in *Sleeping Beauty*, Red Knight in *Checkmate*, Dorkon in *Daphnis and Chloe* and his recent Prince Florimund in *Sleeping Beauty*.

He looks well as the shepherd who falls in love with Sylvia. His variations in the first and last act were executed cleanly and with great style. His partnering was worthy of the tradition started in England by Anton Dolin. When he can add characterisation to his already formidable talents, he will be a dancer of the highest order.

He is a product of the Sadler's Wells School who joined the company in 1943. His two years in the Forces (1944-46) do not appear to have affected his work unduly and given a few more years of peace he will arise to the *Danseur Noble* class of Somes, Blair and Gilpin.

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Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS

Assistant Editors: CLIVE BARNES DAVID RAHER

A STAR STEPS OUT

MARK down this date, all you data-fiends; mark it down and ring it round—September 27, 1952. And for those who insist on greater accuracy the time was 7.15 p.m. On to the Covent Garden stage stepped the ballerina of the evening. "Here she comes, bless her" murmured a lady a few rows behind.

Judging by the warmth of the house, this remark must have epitomised the thought of many in that overflowing audience. Svetlana Beriosova had come home to the stage to which she belongs, for the first time in a three-act ballet. (I make no apologies to Miss P. W. Manchester who used almost the same words so aptly in describing the same dancer's first appearance as the Lilac Fairy in *Sleeping Beauty*.)

As the enchantment of this artist, triumphing over the horrors of this particular production of *Coppelia*, got hold of me, I could not help thinking back over the past six years. I remember Cecilia Blatch (Director of the late Metropolitan Ballet), during one of the more depressed moments of that company's existence, saying, "One thing, Peter, that has made it all worthwhile, has been to present Svetlana to the British public. If I could get back all the money I have lost I would gladly put it on her."

After seeing Beriosova for the first time at the Scala Theatre, Dame Ninette de Valois said, "What a wonderful dancer!" Recently, Igor Schwetoff (Borzoï) said, "I may be wrong but I think Svetlana will be one of the great ballerinas of our time. Watch her for me."

These people and many others equally famous in the world of the dance, have shown this far-sightedness about Beriosova's career. But there are still those who resent the fact that she is not English. I hope they heard the cheers which roared out at the end as Beriosova took curtain-call after curtain-call. I only wish that they could have heard the praise of Madame Tchernicheva and Anton Dolin, not to mention some of the most exacting dance critics in the world who were also present. It is high time that people in this country realised that great art has no frontier.

As the crowd shuffled out into Bow Street at the end they seemed in a happy mood, all excitedly discussing this or that moment in Beriosova's performance. One lady asked her friend, "What is this extraordinary quality Beriosova has which seems to make itself felt?" I never heard the reply nor probably can anyone give a satisfactory answer. Her particular quality is one bestowed only on a few. It is the quality which made Pavlova, Spessitzewa, Markova, Fonteyn and Chauviré what they were or are. It is an almost mystical mantle which proclaims the ballerina to be absolute.

Beriosova has a long way to go before she can enter the select inner circle. It may be that faced with Aurora, Giselle, Odette-Odile or Sylvia, she will be found wanting. But she has overcome the first hurdle by making Swanilda, a role to which she would seem on the face of it to be unsuited, hers for this generation. That performance at Covent Garden was no flash-in-the-pan; it has been seen many times before in Rosebery Avenue. Let us hope that it will be seen (with a new production worthy of it) far beyond the limited sound of Bow Bells.

FIRST IMPRESSION MOST IMPORTANT

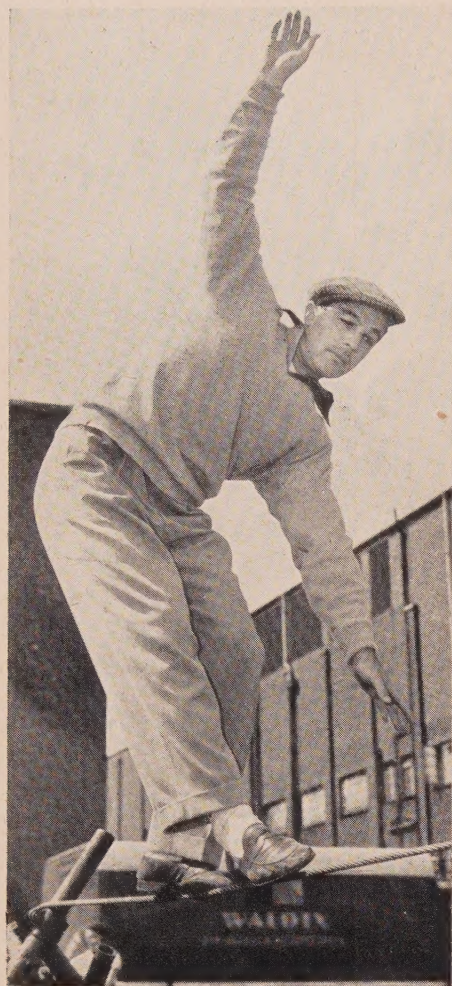
IF *Coppelia* was right for Beriosova, *Daphnis and Chloe* was hardly the right ballet to present Fonteyn in Berlin on the first night of the short season of Sadler's Wells Ballet there. It is a lovely ballet and Fonteyn gives a beautiful performance of the village girl captured by pirates. Nothing wrong with it anywhere except that it is not the ballet to present one of the world's greatest ballerinas to a new audience. It was not until Fonteyn danced Giselle two nights later that the company achieved the success it deserved.

When are people going to realise that a good first impression is vital? Everything should be concentrated on a premiere. If that fails a company might just as well pack up and go home. This mistake of bad programme-making is made time and time again. It is made by most companies that visit our shores and now it is being made by us.

The art of composing a programme is as important as any of the other arts which go to make ballet. Genius, hard work, time and money are completely wasted if a programme is ill constructed.

HOLLYWOOD'S

GENE KELLY'S PROWESS HAS BEEN THE THEME OF HIS FILMS



Kelly on the high-wire while rehearsing at the Boreham Wood studios of M.G.M.

I JUST hated the dance. Loathed the whole idea of it.—This somewhat surprising statement from Gene Kelly was in answer to the stock question—Have you always wanted to be a dancer?

"I had to dance my way through college because I had no money. It was during the slump."

To dance their way through college has been the ambition of many people. It sounds almost like the theme of the kind of film musical which Kelly himself makes so brilliantly. But this choreographic educational progress did not stir any love of the art in his young breast. That came later.

His birth in Pittsburgh (that breeding-ground of American dancers) was followed, with the usual amount of years intervening, by his entry into Pennsylvania State College, where he decided to become a lawyer. Transferring to the University of Pittsburgh he came to the conclusion, mercifully perhaps for both the legal and dancing professions, that no lawyer he.

The dancing through college, performances in which he danced and sang, must by this time have got a hold on him. He opened up a dancing school with his brother Fred; his mother was business manager. The success of this led to another school being opened in the neighbouring city of Johnstown.

By this time, inspired by seeing de Basil's Ballet Russe in Pittsburgh, the bug had really got hold of him. He packed his bag,

left the school to his family, and set out to find fame and fortune in New York. But New York is a big city and there are thousands of people struggling to reach the top. Fame in Pittsburgh was no guarantee of a fat Broadway contract, especially when your ambition is to become a dance director. He had to make a name for himself and after two small dancing rôles in *Leave it to Me* and *One for Money*, he got a honey of a rôle right in his lap.

The time of his life

This was as Harry, a natural-born hooper who wants to make people laugh but can't, in William Saroyan's prize-winning play, *The Time of Your Life*. He did his own choreography for the good-natured, unsuccessful tap-dancer who haunts Nick's Pacific Street Saloon, Restaurant and Entertainment Palace. He also devised the movements for the other characters in that amiable dive—such as Willie, who spends the time of his life in front of a pin-table. "I liked that play," says Kelly. There is no doubt that it was his first solid rung on the ladder.

At the same time as the Saroyan antics were packing them into the theatre, Kelly was also directing the dances from Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. "This was not just a cabaret as most people seem to think. In those days it was a show. It ran for the same length of time as a show in a theatre and each show ran for about two years."

Kelly stoutly upheld the Diamond Horseshoe in the face of any suggestion that it might have been a mere supper entertainment. During this engagement he met Betsy Blair. She applied for the job of a dancer and landed up by becoming Mrs. Kelly.

In 1940 came the first big break in Kelly's life. He got the lead in the musical *Pal Joey*, which turned out to be the Broadway hit of the year. The run was interrupted for a few weeks in the summer because the weather was hot and the theatre had no proper cooling system.

The re-opening brought about one of the most embarrassing moments of Kelly's career:

"I was just messing about on the stage before the opening and the orchestra was casually strolling into the pit when somebody took up the curtain. I was taken aback, but decided to go into my number at all costs. The orchestra was equally dumbfounded, but gradually the pieces got together and we started off. At this moment the man who sent up the curtain realised that he had made a mistake and promptly brought the curtain down. The rest of the performance went on much in this way."

Despite these mishaps *Pal Joey* ran on and it brought Kelly offers from almost every film company. He signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and left for Hollywood. "I really danced for a very small part of my career in New York," he said.

Dancing with his shadow

"As soon as I got to Hollywood it struck me that dancing on films needs an entirely

new approach. It is no good just taking classical ballets and shooting them straight. A new type of dancing needs to be developed. I looked around to see if there was anybody who could do this, but there did not seem to be anybody. So I just had to get down to it myself."

In all the musical films with which Kelly has been connected either as a dancer or a dance producer, it can be said that he has fully understood the medium. He has realised that the camera has many advantages over the stage and that trick shots and unusual camera angles can enhance the dance rather than hinder it.

Take for instance his dance with his own reflection in *Cover Girl*. This was a startling and beautiful effect which could only have been achieved in the cinema. The two figures—sometimes dancing in unison, sometimes against each other—made a pattern which perfectly fitted the size of the screen.

About that dance with a cartoon mouse in *Anchors Aweigh*, he said, "I wanted to create a dance with something which only could be supplied by the cinema. I felt that the animated cartoons of Walt Disney were the most individual thing that the screen has yet provided. I decided to mix the human form with a world of cartoon fantasy. I am going to do the same thing in the film I am working on at the moment, *Invitation to the Dance*. Two 'live' dancers, a boy and girl, will enter a fanciful kingdom of elves and fairies."

We may be wrong but—

In the past few years Kelly has directed, as well as choreographed, two musicals—*On the Town* and *Singing in the Rain*—the best musicals since the early Astaire days. The way the dancing was integrated into the plot of *On the Town* was the work of a genius. One never becomes conscious of the film being held-up for the dance numbers. It was an entirely new treatment of the film musical. It goes with a swing from the moment the three sailors are set free from their ship until their shore-leave ends twenty-four hours later.

Again in *Singing in the Rain*, Kelly was not afraid to debunk the 'twenties and the early days of Hollywood. One dance sequence with Cyd Charisse had some fine choreography worthy of any ballet company's repertoire. In this film also Kelly was generous enough to give a young dancer, Donald O'Connor, one of the hit numbers and a big slice of film time. This generosity to other artists has been a noticeable feature of all his work.

When I told Kelly how much I had enjoyed these two musicals, more than *An American in Paris*, he answered a little wistfully, "I liked them also and I thought they were good, but the public went all out for *An American in Paris*, which means that you and I, Peter, must be wrong."

A dream walking

The list of Kelly film successes reads like a great big success story. He has acted straight, sung, danced and directed. Now he has come to England to realise a dream.

He always wanted to make a film that

CAPTURE

... by PETER WILLIAMS

was all dancing and no voices. M.G.M. were dubious of the commercial success of such a venture, but Arthur Freed, the producer who has made most of the films in which Kelly has appeared, was sympathetic. The great success of *An American in Paris* clinched it, which proves that Kelly and I were wrong about that picture.

"I love dancers," he says. Dancers love him also because most of the dancers in London have been assured their bread-and-butter in the past few months. Their daily trek to the Boreham Wood studios of M.G.M. has rewarded them well. Think of all the dancers you know, take away the ones already in an existing company and the answer is that they will all be in the Kelly film. In addition it has Igor Youskevitch, Tamara Toumanova, Claude Bessy, Claire Sombert, Belita, Diana Adams and Tommy Rall. By the time it is finished heaven alone knows what other world famous dancers will have been brought in.

The film falls into four parts. The first has a circus theme about a clown who loves a circus equestrienne who in her turn loves a high wire walker. This *I Pagliacci* story is dramatic with a tragic ending. The second is about a wealthy woman's diamond bracelet which is passed, always as a pawn, from one set of lovers to another.

A divertissement on popular songs forms the third sequence. The film ends on the above-mentioned conglomeration of dancers and cartoons.

When the film is finally released it may have a profound influence on the future relationship between the dance and the cinema.

That man is everywhere

In spite of all the talent which is going into *Invitation to the Dance*, it will virtually remain a one man show. Kelly is everywhere—planning, writing the stories, building-up the choreography, rehearsing his own rôles, rehearsing everyone else's. Choosing costumes and colours, designing some of the costumes himself. Dancing, then rush-

Kelly as the eternal clown in the circus episode from Invitation to the Dance. He is part of a circus which visits an 18th century Italian village. When he realises that his beloved Equestrienne is really in love with the High Wire Walker, he attempts to emulate the tricks of his rival on the high wire. Falling to his death he proves his devotion and re-unites the lovers.

Kelly thought up the idea when he was renting a small house near Chartres. The music for this sequence has been specially written by the distinguished French composer, Jacques Ibert.

All photographs by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ing to work with the camera-man, back to dancing again. All this, as well as dealing with the innumerable problems which crop up the whole time.

To meet Kelly is like coming in contact with a streamlined dynamo. Even in repose, such as when we were talking over the luncheon table in the studio canteen, there is the feeling that machinery is working at high-pressure overtime. He works seven days a week and if there were eight he would probably work then also. It is hard to imagine when he has time to think up all his ideas. Yet he makes time somehow and manages to spend it with his wife and daughter, Kerry.

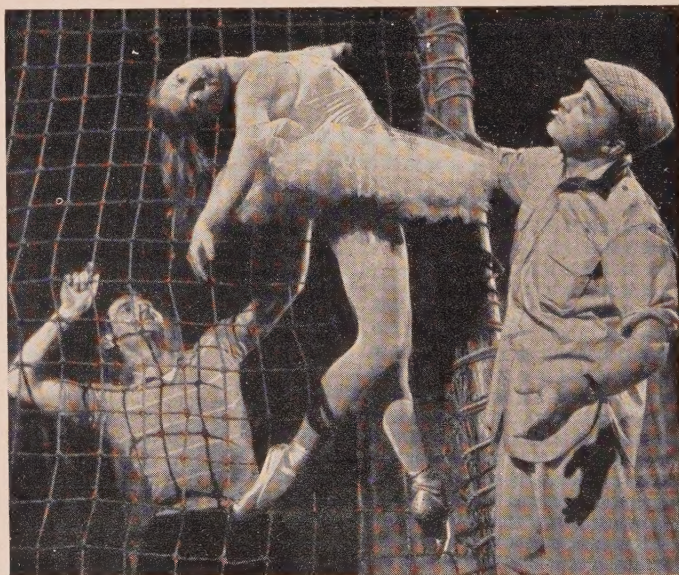
Ever since Joey turned out to be such a pal he has not looked back. Yet he is

not over-awed by his success—he hasn't time to be.

Underneath it all, he remains a fine dancer who would be an asset to any ballet company. He has shown in many films that he has a strong classical technique, as well as being a good partner.

People might wonder why, if he is such a good dancer, he should not be working with a ballet company. The answer surely is that he is doing a far better job where he is. To bring good dancing to millions of people who might otherwise have never given it a thought, is to create even larger audiences for ballet in the theatre.

His plans for the future include bringing more and more ballet personalities into the cinema.



Kelly rehearses Claire Sombert and Igor Youskevitch in the circus episode in the first sequence of *Invitation to the Dance*

BAYONNE — en fete

During August and September the Basque country dances its heart out and enjoys life. The origin of many of the dances has been lost in time, but dancing comes naturally to the inhabitants of this province tucked away between France and Spain.

What are the Basques? Why, a little people who dance at the foot of the Pyrenees—Voltaire.

BAYONNE, the region's capital crouched along the banks of the Adour, was *en fete* when I was there the other day. In its streets, hucksters and customers jostled elbows; while from above a million flags cast their shadows on the crowded pavements.

The bridge across its gentle river joined both the old and the new. From the left bank came the plaintive sound of primitive flutes as three Spaniards from Irun played their way among the cafes, and from the right, a music shop blared forth its latest best-seller: "You shake it, and you break it, and you Oh Babe."

Through August and September the Pays Basque, taking its beat from the six-stringed drums, was dancing its heart out to the *fandango*, and, in the least sentimental of senses, was enjoying life.

Whatever the time, wherever the place, someone was bound to have his arms in the air and his feet scarcely allied to the ground. It might have been the barman at Bidart, who snapped his fingers to the rhythm of an amateur quartet singing, unasked, to the proprietor's gramophone records; it might have been the black-eyed girl, no more than three, who swayed in the central square of Bayonne as the town band played a traditional and haunting air.

"Entrée interdite aux personnes tristes" declaimed the sign over the door leading into the city's Grande Brasserie, and as if to demonstrate that such prohibiting unhappiness was unknown in this luxuriant corner of France the people laughed and danced.

Sabbatical procession

From the frontier village of Arneguy where swirling clouds coil round the dark peaks, a team of local dancers appeared one Sunday morning in Bayonne. In procession, eighteen men and boys began a *passe-rue*, a dance they use to progress through the narrow lanes and twisting boulevards.

Two men led the way, their costumes, in red and white, carrying more than a hint of the African witch doctor. Huge head-dresses, faced with mirrors to frighten evil spirits away, grotesquely bobbed from side to side.

Behind them, two more dancers, axes on their shoulders, marched ponderously along. Then came *Les Geants*, those weird dolls, ten feet high, whose owners peered solemnly from beneath lace aprons. There followed two flag-bearers waving the tricolour back and forth; and finally, before the dancers themselves, two small boys from whose shoulders streamed lengths of yellow, red and blue ribbons.

Stationed between this vanguard and the band, came eight dancers in espadrilles who, without too much finesse, leapt along the road with *tours* and *pas battus*.

As the faithful poured from the churches into the sun-raked city, the villagers of Arneguy danced outside the cafes and around the dawdling traffic. *Fandangos* and the *muchikuak* formed the basis of their repertoire.

They moved effortlessly and without that degree of self-consciousness which marks much of English folk prancing. For to the inhabitants of the Pays Basques the action of dancing is as almost a pre-ordained function as the up-and-



Tribitiyak, Basque musicians, who accompany most of the dances mentioned in this article.

down existence of a Jack-in-the-Box; one touch of the spring, in their case a trill on the flute, and they are off. It has always been so, even though the present renaissance is scarcely fifty years old.

Christian and Pagan origin

The origins of their dances are lost somewhere up near the more fordable regions of the river of time. Experts disagree on their origin. Some elements have a Christian flavour; most owe their influence to Pagan rites of fertility or the arts of war.

The *Txankar-Renkua*, the dance of the dead chief, is a patent example of a mingling of these two streams: while the dancers mourn the loss of their leader in battle, his blood is believed to fertilise the soil of the Basse Pyrenees. The *Erreberentzia*, the dance of honour, and the *Ezpata-Dantza*, the dance of the daggers, both fall into that group thought to have appeared before the eighth century when Christianity came to the Basques.

Each of the seven Basque provinces, which include the Spanish area of High Navarre, is characterised by its own steps, costumes and style. Local variations are even found between villages. Yet, through all their dances, either from association or common origins, there appear fundamental similarities.

In the *Mascarade*, for instance, where mythology shakes hands with local industry, one finds a heterogeneous collection of carnival characters whose presence is welcomed throughout the Pays Basque. The cortege begins with *Les Rouges*, representatives of the respectable classes of society who walk with that most curious of "personalities," the *Zamalzain*, the man-horse.

Rag-tag and bob-tail

The *Zamalzain*, who sprang in the first place from the province of Le Soule, variously disputes his ancestry with the centaurs of Ancient Greece and the knights of the Middle Ages. The gelders, the farriers and the flag-bearer follow.

The second half of the procession is made up of *Les Noirs*, the rag-tag and bob-tail of the community: the coppersmiths, the knife-grinders and the gypsies, many of whom will later perform the celebrated Dance of the



The Dance of the Glasses, virtually a choreographic hymn to wine. The glass will be seen on the ground below the jumping dancer. If one drop of liquor is spilt it will result in caustic comments from the spectators.

In the background is seen the *Zamalzain* (Man-horse). This character sprang from the province of Le Soule. His ancestry is disputed to arise either from Grecian centaurs or Medieval knights.



Male dancers performing The Stick Dance. This appears to bear some similarity to the stick dances of England, except that those of the Pays Basques are considerably more energetic.

A Basque Festival seen by KENNETH PEARSON

Glass, a choreographic hymn to wine in which to cause one drop of the liquor to spill is to invite some caustic comment.

But rapidly becoming the focussing point of all the region's dancing, Les Ballets Basque Oldarra, with its headquarters in Biarritz, has taken to itself the guardianship of Basque traditions, not without some jealousy at first from the village groups, but now, more happily, with their approval.

Oldarra (Basque word meaning elan) is led by a slim, dark-haired young man of local origin, Philippe Doyhomboure, an artistic



Uztai dantza (Hoop dance) from Guipuskoa in Spain. This dance derives from the trade of basket-makers.

The fame of these dancers from the Pays Basque has spread so far that Les Ballets Basque Oldarra (to whom we are grateful for this and the photographs on the opposite page) will tour the U.S.A. during the winter.

The Txankar-Renkua (Dance of the Dead Chief) is a mixture of Christian influence and Pagan fertility rites. The dancers mourn the loss of their chief, whose blood is believed to fertilise the soil of the Basse Pyrenees.

Photographed by Serge Lido.



director who speaks English with a pronounced American accent and who remains profoundly grateful to the one-time G.I. university at Biarritz for the help it gave him in the group's early struggles.

In presenting Basque dances on the stage, Doyhomboure has changed their character as little as possible, though, as he admits, some alterations have had to be made in producing them before audiences seated in one direction. In natural surroundings the dances are performed on the village pelota court and consequently seen from three sides at once.

The group supports some four professional dancers, relying for the rest on the enthusiasm of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker whose natural ability surprised members of the Marquis de Cuevas company at a recent meeting when the trained ballerinas discovered that the Oldarra men could perform double tours and a variation of the entrechatssix at the drop of a hat.

Under the inspiration of Doyhomboure, the

group's reputation has spread through Europe. Everywhere they have been received with surprise and admiration on the part of both the public and the critics. At this moment, Oldarra is negotiating for a winter tour through the United States and Mexico, and this would seem a propitious time for some English impresario to bring them here.

We should be given a chance to see these Basque dancers with their accompanying choir and haunting music; to share a worthwhile experience which another French writer once described. For Manu de la Sota has written:

"In the Basque dance the flesh takes wings and charges itself with the spring that separates it from the sun; the soul then laughs in the heights as does a child when lifted up at arms length. To feel is to fly, rejoicing always. Yet the dance is not only an attempt to transform into a bird. The Basque was born to dance on the meadow, on the table, under the arch, and to enjoy that singular agility which is the hallmark of his own body."

SPEAK UP!

Misused critics

SIR.—In your October number Mr. Anton Dolin reproves "two well known critics" for failing to report upon Mlle. Yvette Chauviré's recent appearances as guest artist with the Festival Ballet.

May I suggest that before passing judgment it would be fairer to my fellow critics to ascertain whether such omission was deliberate or due to editorial *force majeure*. Pressure on space can cause a notice to be cut by half or even omitted altogether. Naturally such omission is annoying to the dancer concerned; it can be equally distressing to the critic.

I was much encouraged, if I may now introduce a personal note, by Mr. Dolin's particular interest in Anglo-French relations. Some two years ago I asked if he and his company would be willing to give a performance in aid of the Prix René Blum, French patriot and founder of the Ballet de Monte Carlo. What an opportunity for a beau geste! Mr. Dolin was sympathetic, but there were difficulties. Eh bien, on dit que tout vient à qui sait attendre.—CYRIL BEAUMONT (Chairman, Ballet Circle, The Critics Circle), 75 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

Unfair to N.Y. City Ballet?

SIR.—I have been a balletomane since 1906 but have avoided print until now when I feel strongly that the New York City Ballet deserved better of us generally.

First I blame their executive for a foolish choice to start the season. I suggest that *Cakewalk*, *Symphony in C* and *Pied Piper* together with *Lac des Cygnes* or *Orpheus* for controversial sauce would have been more fruitful. Also their good natured easy going treatment of one and all offended some critics who take themselves over-seriously.

I tried to explain this fact that some are music critics who know and care little about ballet. And that their

the absurdly restricted space it is easier and better politics to be unkind and clever in a few words than to write a reasoned appreciation.

Lastly the audience. Some by seeing for themselves were soon won by this fine company, others accustomed to expensive decor, stories, meaty characterisations etc., felt lost by really splendid dancing and little of the glorified pantomime. *Caracole*, *The Duel* and *Symphonie Concertante* were too good for them. *Card Game* was poor and could not stand comparison with *Checkmate*. Your paper like a few others played fair. Thank you.—NORMAN WELTON, 58 Wolsley Road, Crouch End, N.8.

Upper Tooting toots up

SIR.—You send me a subscription form for further issues of DANCE AND DANCERS. You will remember the New York City Ballet recently at Covent Garden? The critics were none too kind to them. One awaited eagerly the report of DANCE AND DANCERS and expected something reasonable. Instead you yourself personally were the most abusive of the lot. You not only abused this great company but you even tried to ridicule some of its members.

Your article proved you to be one of the worst snobs in Britain. Do you think that the ballet-going public of Britain cannot see and think for themselves? Anyway if you expect people to pay to read your vile outbursts, you're wrong in one case anyway. I would never take your DANCE AND DANCERS again especially when I know (by his writing) the awful man who edits it. No never again do you send me DANCE AND DANCERS thank you.—H. WILLIAMSON, 174 Trinity Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.17.

Another satisfied customer

SIR.—It appears to me that the Editor and his assistants are going back to the bad old days when give a dancer a foreign name and she is *it*. Give her an English one and she is only "coming" at the best.

Especially is this the case with Russians dancing with one or other of the Saddler Wells companies. First it was Elvin now it is Beriosova. Nobody can deny the

one's technical ability or the other's great beauty. But as it has been remarked, the audience is the best and most exacting critic. I have hardly ever known Elvin to fill Covent Garden to capacity. And as for Beriosova, beautiful though she is, excepting in *Assembly Ball* and at odd times in *Coppelia*, she seems to me to be like a beautiful doll—over-serene one might say.

Whereas it appears to me that Fifield improves with every appearance. All you can say about her is that "a few years as a junior soloist at Covent Garden might work the wonders it has for Nadia Nerina."

And why give all the praise you do to foreign men? With the exception of mentioning "Blair's possibilities" and an occasional kind word for Shaw or Chatfield, you completely ignore our own premier danseur—Somes.

In fact as the Americans say about our British ballet critics:—"They are all so prejudiced in favour of so-and-so that they can see no good in any other dancer." I should imagine that if dancers did not take all criticism as a joke, though probably a very irritating one, I feel quite sure that English ballet would not be in the position it is.

I do suggest that it would make your DANCE AND DANCERS educational, as well as being entertaining, if you had one critic who could justly be called impartial and would write about the dancers and the ballets in which they appear from that point of view and not as a conveyance for showing off A, B or C.—DOROTHY NORTH, The Cottage, Oldhouse Farm, Fulmer, Bucks.

—and yet another

Sir,—I wrote to you early last year to say that your magazine was far too concerned with trivialities such as "Curtain Up!" and also foreign dancers and companies. You do not improve, in spite of the absurd price of 1s. 6d. which you have the effrontery to charge. You praise the New York City Ballet, Yvette Chauviré and all the foreign dancers who have made such exhibitions of themselves lately. Yet hardly a word about our own dancers, who must be getting as sick of ballet magazines as I am.—PHYLLIS NEEDHAM, Greenford Road, Greenford, Middlesex.

ANTON DOLIN forgives OUR CENTENARIAN CRITICS

FOR some time I have been reading with interest and surprise the various statements about, and arguments for and against, the choreographic authenticity of certain ballets.

One eminent critic, writing of Festival Ballet's production of Fokine's *Scheherazade* stated that at times the ballet departed sadly from the original. What original I ask? Could the critic reproduce even as much of two minutes of the original choreography about which he writes so glibly?

I doubt if, at the end of his life, even Fokine himself could have reproduced the ballet as he first presented it for Diaghilev. For Fokine not only had second thoughts, but often third, fourth and fifth thoughts. He was continually altering his ballets. He changed them between one rehearsal and the next as I, having actively participated in them, know only too well.

I personally rehearsed *Scheherazade* with him and can state positively that Beriosoff's production for Festival Ballet follows faithfully Fokine's own very last reproduction of his ballet at La Scala, Milan. If writers may make alterations and additions to second and subsequent editions of their works, why should a like courtesy be withheld from the choreographer?

Another point of argument arises over *Le Spectre de la Rose* but I know that the male dancer appeared at the right hand window as one faces the stage; he made his final leap through the one on the left.

And Giselle's famous variation in the first act, the one which all Giselles dance to-day. Are we to believe that it is the one danced by Carlotta Grisi? I was not there in 1841 but reading some of our critics I am almost convinced that they were; in that case I forgive them everything!

I may be wrong about that variation but I think I am right in saying that firstly the music for it is not by Adam. Secondly, it was first danced by Olga Spessivtzeva, the greatest Giselle I have ever seen. It was, I think, her personal property and was probably arranged by her ballet master, the late Nicholas Sergeyev, who produced the ballet for the Camargo Society in 1932. I had the great honour and joy of dancing Albrecht, for the first time, with that unforgettable Giselle on that occasion.

In England and America I was the first to add the eight peasant boys in the first act. Sometimes I am tempted to take them out again for a while so that those who are so vocal in their jealous guardianship of what they fondly imagine to be traditional may lash their tongues in fury at my audacity.

I know of two endings to the Sugar Plum Fairy's variation in the second act of *The Nutcracker*. So far nobody has written to complain that during the recent season at Festival Hall, Nathalie Leslie sometimes reverted to the ending shown by Sergeyev to Markova when he first reproduced the ballet for the Vic-Wells company in 1934.

If at some future date it is possible for me to realise one of my most cherished ambitions and reproduce *The Sleeping Princess*, what shall I do about the *adagio* between Aurora and Prince Charming in the last act? Should I include in it the now accepted *en dedans pirouettes* leading into the supported "fish dive," or should I not? (I hope my description is recognisable even if less technically exact than that of a young student who recently wrote on this matter).

But they worry too much about original versions

I do not believe the "fish dive" to have been part of Petipa's choreography for the original 1890 production. In Diaghilev's production of the ballet at the Alhambra in 1921, we had three ballerinas to dance the role of Aurora—Olga Spessivtzeva, Lubov Egorova and Vera Trefilova. Madame Trefilova, who arrived during the last days of the rehearsals, was horrified by the "fish dive." She referred to it as acrobatic and added that "never would I do such a thing." Now Trefilova had danced Aurora in Russia but she had never been asked to do the "fish dive." I remember that Karsavina also excluded it when she gave this *adagio* in her programme at the London Coliseum.

If, in my lovingly dreamed of reproduction of *The Sleeping Princess*, I omitted the "fish dive" and included instead the steps always done by Madame Trefilova, should I be pounced on by some knowing young lad or miss and

accused of flouting tradition and tampering with the classics?

Heaven forbid that to-day we should have to show any 19th century classics, with their endless passages of repetitive pantomime, exactly as they were originally done. But oh! these young writers who harp so persistently and so ridiculously on the addition of this or the omission of that. They are so cocksure that the first thing they saw must always and inevitably have been the original this or that.

They know so much and are far too young to have discovered that the "much" they know is in reality nothing. They love tradition and it is, of course, in the very best tradition that they should try to teach their elders to suck eggs.

However they have one thing to recommend them—a real, a vital and thoroughly healthy interest in the art of ballet about which they are prepared to pontificate on any and every occasion.

Realising that their enthusiasm, though often mistaken, is nevertheless very alive and vivid, one can only shrug tolerantly and agree heartily with Shakespeare that "What the great ones do the rest will prattle of."

NEW RECORDS

A lapse in artistic taste

Prelude a l'Après-midi d'un Faune (Debussy).
Symphony Orchestra (Stokowski). H.M.V.
DB 21279, 1 12-in., 9s. 8½d.

THE origins of Nijinsky's *Après-midi d'un Faune* are confused by contradictions. Stravinsky gives the credit to Bakst not only for the idea but also for most of the choreography; while Lifar makes similar claims for Diaghilev. Madame Nijinsky has written that the ballet was conceived and completed by Nijinsky without any influence or assistance. One thing is certain—Debussy wrote the music, and many years before the ballet.

Diaghilev's sponsorship of the production was one of his few lapses in artistic taste; and he was probably aware of the fact, because we are told that he only consented to the music being used after a prolonged search for an alternative. Photographs of the original production seem to indicate that the angularity of the choreography has been exaggerated over the years; but the fact remains that the movement is not suited to the flow of the music.

No one performance of this music can ever satisfy everybody; Debussy's musical impressionism lends itself to so many different interpretations. Stokowski makes much of the orchestral colouring and revels in Debussy's sensuous melodic line. But this is not an ideal performance by a long way. It is too stretched and over-defined—Debussy's vague outlines are more effective when not inflated. However, if you like your *Faune* larger than life you will enjoy the orchestral virtuosity of this performance.

Chausson, and Tudor's masterpiece

Poème (Chausson). Menuhin, L.P.O. (Boult).
H.M.V. DB 9759-60, 2 12-in., 19s. 5d.

CHAUSSON'S *Poème* is the music to which Anthony Tudor's early masterpiece *Jardin aux Lilas* is danced.

It is not unusual, unfortunately, for a choreographer to "use" music that has little or no

connection with what he wants to express. Sometimes such a ballet will come off as good theatre but more often than not it is doomed to complete failure. You can probably think of dozens of these musical misfits.

But it is extremely rare for a choreographer to impose a story on an existing score and succeed to the extent that the music will seem to have been specially composed for it. I can think of only two ballets that achieve this almost impossible unity of expression—*Spectre de la Rose* and *Jardin aux Lilas*.

Tudor succeeds because his theme is appropriate to the music in period, mood and intensity; and the development of his situations parallels with great subtlety its emotional rise and fall.

The solo violin sings rhapsodically when the lovers are together, reaching almost hysterical peaks of ecstasy and desperation which Tudor has so movingly interpreted as the frustration of forbidden love. So skilfully is the poignant mood sustained that not only the setting but the music itself seems pervaded by the heavy scent of the lilacs.

There has been no recording available of *Poème* for several years. I had hoped that the version rumoured to have been made by Ginette Neveu before her tragic death might have been given us.

If we are not to have it, we should be grateful for this magnificent performance by Menuhin. I have not heard this violinist play anything for years with such intensity of feeling. There is no suggestion of virtuosity for its own sake; virtuosity there certainly is, but it is made the servant of the artist. Boult's approach is thoroughly romantic, as it should be; nothing is held back.

The lushness of the orchestral scoring and Menuhin's sensuous tone come through beautifully on the records. David Hunt

As well as the review of new records in the December issue, David Hunt will choose a selection of ballet records, now available, which make suitable Christmas presents for all purses.

ILE DES SIRENES

First performance in London by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on September 19, 1952. First performed on the Fonteyn-Helpmann concert tour, June 2, 1950.

Choreography by Alfred Rodrigues. Music by Claude Debussy. Decor and costumes by Loudon Sainthill.

The Mariner, Palinurus ... DAVID BLAIR
Sirens ... ELAINE FIFIELD, MAUREEN BRUCE, MARGARET HILL, SARA NEIL, ANNETTE PAGE, DOREEN TEMPEST, PAULINE WADSWORTH.

Photographed by Denis de Marney

THE work chosen to present Alfred Rodrigues as choreographer to the London public was first given on the Fonteyn-Helpmann tour in 1950. Rodrigues choreographed an even earlier version in South Africa. I did not see the Fonteyn-Helpmann production but from internal evidence would say that much of this version, particularly the male role, is new.

Palinurus, the ballet's hero, was the pilot of Aeneas' ships. According to the *Aeneid* he falls into the sea near the Italian coast and is carried to land, there to be murdered by the inhabitants. The present ballet was, I believe, inspired by a short passage from Norman Douglas's *Siren Land*, which tells of an inci-



The chief Siren (Elaine Fifield), surrounded by her sister sirens, stands in triumph considering the body of the Mariner Palinurus (David Blair), whom the sirens have lured into their cave to destroy.

dent, not dissimilar to the fate of Virgil's Palinurus, in which a young mariner is destroyed by a siren in whose eyes there was the look of "a hundred generations of tigers."

The ballet's theme, that of the destruction of a male by an Amazonian society, bears a curious resemblance to that treated by Jerome Robbins in *The Cage*. While Robbins' choreography was the more absurd, it was also (as we might have guessed from his greater experience) the more interesting and inventive.

A slender thread needs much inter-twining to make it acceptable. The dramatic incident (boy meets girl, boy gets eliminated) is so slight that the choreographer stakes all on being able to provide interesting dance patterns.

At first it appears that Rodrigues will succeed; but eventually the choreography and music seem to dissociate and the ballet disintegrates. One suspects that his difficulties are largely the result of utilising a concert suite (Debussy's *Petite Suite de Concert*) as his score. A suite has to provide a variety of moods. Rodrigues allows for only one, hence the disparity and consequent confusion.

However, Rodrigues has a good eye for asymmetric groupings and an apparent flair for

pas de deux. His work constantly reveals the fact that he is an experienced professional dancer. The completely new ballet he is now preparing will be awaited with interest.

David Blair danced Palinurus, a difficult part, with considerable skill, his partnering being particularly commendable. He did not perhaps exploit the part's dramatic possibilities to the full. The more the pity since we know now from his excellent performance in *The Rake's Progress* that he is capable of powerful acting.

Elaine Fifield as the Chief Siren better realised the scope of her role, making out of it an admirably implacable and insatiable man-eating woman. Among a strong cast, Margaret Hill, an ex-Rambert ballerina, was outstanding in her solo debut with the company.

Loudon Sainthill's decor and costumes give ballet audiences a far more favourable impression of his capabilities than did his designs for *Coppelia*. The sea-weed infested grotto makes a fine setting even though the management with misplaced economy use black curtains at the side—a reprehensible, illusion-destroying habit—instead of properly designed wings.

Clive Barnes



The Mariner Palinurus (David Blair) suffers many indignities at the hands of the sirens before his destruction. At one moment he has seaweed entwined around him.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Denis de Marney, is of Elaine Fifield and David Blair, of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, in Alfred Rodrigues' *Ile de Sirènes*.

FIFIELD was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1930. First training at the Frances Scully School of Dancing in Sydney. Won R.A.D. overseas scholarship and came to Sadler's Wells School in 1946. Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in 1947. Gradually started to take over all principal roles until three years ago, when she became prima ballerina of the company.

BLAIR was born in Halifax, Yorkshire, in 1932. Won a scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School at the age of fourteen. Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet in 1948. His rise to become one of England's leading male dancers has been rapid.

This month's back cover, by the celebrated Hollywood photographer Constantine, is of Rosario. This is the first of a series in which we shall feature famous international stars on the cover. This photograph is also one of Constantine's choice for the "My favourite photograph" series (the remainder of his photographs will be featured in the New Year).

ROSARIO is the other half of the Spanish pair, "Rosario and Antonio." Born in Seville about 30 years ago. First studied at the academy of the famous Spanish master, Realito. Later at the schools of Pericot and of Otero. With Frasquillo she learnt Flamenco. At the age of eight she danced in a recital at the Teatro del Duque in Seville. Four years later at the Foire de Liège, she had, together with Antonio, her first outstanding success outside Spain. The success of these two dancers has since become phenomenal all over the world. In the past year this famous partnership has shown signs of breaking up until a few weeks ago, when it reached a climax at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris. The police had to remain on the stage to keep order. Whether Rosario will dance on her own or find another partner is at the moment uncertain.

SYLVIA



STORY

Act I

NYMPHS and sylvans dance in the moonlight. At the approach of the shepherd Aminta, they disperse. The shepherd muses over his passion for Sylvia, leader of Diana's huntresses, whom he has seen once from a distance. At the sound of a distant horn he hides behind the shrine of Eros. Sylvia and her nymphs appear and dance in honour of the chase. In the arrogance of her virginity, Sylvia taunts the statue of Eros. The scene is witnessed by Orion, the robber Khan, who is determined to possess Sylvia.

The discovery of Aminta's cloak by the huntresses betrays the presence of the shepherd. Incensed by the idea that a man should have presumed to spy upon her, Sylvia commands that he shall be brought forth. Perceiving the tender motive of his conduct, Sylvia blames the machinations of Eros and turns with drawn bow towards the statue of the god. Aghast at this intended sacrilege, Aminta shields the statue with his body and the arrow strikes him through the heart. Unmoved by this act of devotion, Sylvia curses the god of love. As she does so, an arrow loosed by Eros pierces her heart. She effects a disdainful indifference and gathering her companions vanishes into the forest.

At daybreak, peasants on their way to the fields pause to make obeisance before the shrine. One of them lingers behind and takes cover at the approach of Orion, who gloats over the prostrate body of his rival Aminta. Suspecting that Sylvia will return he also hides. Transformed by the arrow-wound of Eros, Sylvia re-appears in quest of her love. Orion emerges from his hiding place, seizes her and carries her away to his grotto palace.

The peasant who has witnessed this scene calls his friends from the fields and they weep over the body of Aminta. An old sorcerer appears and on hearing the cause of their grief he plucks a rose from a nearby bush and presses it to the lips of the shepherd. Gradually Aminta revives and his first thoughts are for Sylvia. Her

torn mantle is discovered and the sorcerer tells of her abduction. Aminta turns towards the shrine in prayer. The sorcerer, casting off his cloak, reveals himself as Eros and charges Aminta to set forth in search of Sylvia.

Act II

IN the palace grotto of Orion, the captive Sylvia is enticed with luxurious raiment and precious jewels. Orion declares his love but she repulses him. Slaves are called to dance for her pleasure. Ostensibly for the delectation of her captor, Sylvia performs a Bacchic dance which in reality is a ruse to delay the more intimate endearments. While dancing she plies him with repeated draughts of wine until eventually he falls to the ground in a stupor. The slaves follow his example and the table of rich food vanishes. Left alone, Sylvia tries to find a way out of the grotto but her efforts are fruitless. In desperation she evokes Eros. The god appears and causes the grotto to vanish. He beckons Sylvia forth into the freedom of the forest.

Act III

ON a sea shore near the Temple of Diana, a festival of Bacchus is taking place. The revels are exalted by the participation of Muses and Divinities. The disconsolate Aminta appears still in quest of his beloved Sylvia. Suddenly a ship is sighted on the prow of which stands Eros. As the ship comes to the shore a veiled stranger is seen surrounded by attendants. Aminta is irresistibly drawn to this person. Eros lifts the veil and Sylvia is revealed. In ecstasy, Aminta greets his beloved. Everyone joins in the celebrations.

The sudden arrival of Orion puts a stop to the festivities. He menaces the lovers and Aminta engages him in combat while Sylvia takes refuge in Diana's Temple. The appearance of the goddess herself interrupts the fight and Orion, in a last attempt to capture Sylvia, is struck by an arrow from Diana's bow. The wrath of Diana is now turned on the lovers and she refuses to pardon the profanity of their attachment. Eros, angered by her severity,

New version of old classic

First given at the Paris Opera on June 14, 1876, with music by Léo Delibes and choreography by Louis Mérante. A one-act version was given in England at the Empire Theatre on May 18, 1911, produced by Fred Farren.

The first full-length production in England was given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on September 3, 1952. Choreography by Frederick Ashton; music by Léo Delibes; scenery and costumes by Robin and Christopher Ironside; lighting by John Sullivan.

CAST

Sylvia	MARGOT FONTEYN
Aminta	MICHAEL SOMES
Orion	JOHN HART
Eros	ALEXANDER GRANT
Diana	JULIA FARRON
Goats	PAULINE CLAYDEN, BRIAN SHAW
Apollo	KENNETH MELVILLE
Ceres	ANNE HEATON
Jaseion	PHILIP CHATFIELD
Persephone	APRIL OLRICH
Pluto	RAY POWELL
Slaves	BRIAN SHAW, PETER CLEGG
Orion's Concubines	DOROTHEA ZAYMES, SHIRLEY BATEMAN
Nymphs, Naiads, Dryads, Sylvans, Peasants, Muses, Attendants	

Photographed by Felix Fonteyn

Margot Fonteyn as Sylvia and Michael Somes as Aminta, the shepherd who becomes enamoured of the nymph of Diana.

causes the clouds to part, revealing a vision of the infatuated Diana leaning over the prone Endymion on Mount Latmos. The goddess, mortified by this reminder of her own passion for a simple shepherd, is driven to relent. She pronounces her forgiveness and in the midst of general rejoicing accepts, with Eros, the grateful homage of the lovers.

CHOREOGRAPHY

IT would be easy to think of *Sylvia* as a resurrection of the nineteenth century tradition of three-act ballets, but it would also be fundamentally misleading. If one is to see Ashton's new work in its true perspective it must be seen as an attempt to create a new tradition, not the revival of an old one.

Why did the three-act ballet ever die? Or rather, as the full-length works maintained their hold in Russia itself, why did Diaghilev choose to renounce these ballets when he exported his Ballet Russe to Western Europe?

Of course convenience played its part. One act ballets made an export more transportable and more palatable to that first Parisian public for which they were designed. But more than that, Fokine, the architect of Diaghilev's victory, found the old style of ballet degraded and shallow.

The story of how Fokine made the whole body expressive, of how he re-injected drama into dancing, and of how later that drama threatened to outweigh its dancing partner is almost ancient history. In more recent times we have seen the neo-classical movement of Balanchine and Ashton which attempted to restore classical dancing to its heritage.

Regarding then the development of ballet in this century it might be thought that a return to the discarded three-acter represents a retrogression. In fact it is surely the logical step of the neo-classical choreographers.

Sylvia does not put the clock back. It resolutely refuses to treat ballet as though Fokine and the rest had never existed. The lessons of Fokine (the expressiveness of the dancing, the use, for instance, of the *corps de ballet* as individuals) have been incorporated into a pre-Fokine structure. Each part of *Sylvia* is constructed much like a one-act dance-drama. There is no mime, only dancing. Few of the dances are set variations in the Petipa



The first act setting showing the Grove of Eros. Sylvia's attempt to shoot at the statue of the god has resulted in Aminta receiving her arrow. Eros (Alexander Grant) aims his arrow at Sylvia in retaliation.

sense. This approach is something new and, I believe, important in ballet.

The ballet is deficient of the grand manner; it is not pure Maryinsky having more in common with *Giselle* than with *The Sleeping Beauty*. *Sylvia* was not conceived along such lines by its composer Delibes; and Ashton has naturally been faithful to his French musician. The fireworks often associated by us with the full-length ballet give place to a smooth and even choreographic texture. Consequently the ballet does not pack a punch the impact of which forces the spectator into grateful surrender at a first viewing.

The work has a few dull and uninspired moments (what full-length ballet has not?) Some can be laid at the door of an existing and consequently intractable score.

Take, for example, that irritating first entry of Sylvia's maidens leaping around the stage like so many Valkyries on a combat course, an episode largely governed by Delibes' music. The presence of a false finale before the entrance of Diana; and the ballet's somewhat dispirited ritualistic ending, which had to be choreographed to, of all things, a triumphal march, are even more striking instances of the dead collaborator's dictation.

It was also unfortunate that some of the best music in *Sylvia*, including the male variation, was not available as in England it has been requisitioned for our productions of *Coppelia*.

The choreography is exceptionally inventive. The first ensemble, an eccentric dance for six Sylvas, and the ensuing episode for Sylvas, Naiads and Dryads give the work an excellent beginning. The first act proceeds smoothly and includes, apart from some exciting dancing for Sylvia herself, a charming *Cortège Rustique* for Villagers and an amusing episode for Eros dressed up as a Sorcerer.

The style is recognisably Ashton's but also manages to convey hints of the ballet's ancestry. Thus not only does this modern choreography recall the ballet prints of the nineteenth century, but even suggests a pleasing atmosphere of classicism that would probably have been alien to the medieval poet Tasso on whose

poem Jules Barbier and Baron de Reinach based the original libretto.

The second act escapes from classical antiquity into a world of full-blooded pseudo-orientalism with bizarre movements and heady rhythms. Here, far from evoking his long-lost predecessor Mérante, the choreographer appears to give the faintest quiver of a wink at the exoticism of the long-lost Ballet Russe of *Sheherazade* and *Thamar* fame.

The choreography is grounded upon sensational lifts for Sylvia and her captor and the quaint quasi-oriental movements of the two

Slaves. The dances hold the attention and work up into a fine frenzy of climax matching the music and theme.

After *Sylvia* has been saved by Eros from what the programme calls "the odium of more intimate endearments," her variation of deliverance is a little tame. It compares unfavourably with the dance Ashton gave to Chloe in similar circumstances.

And so to the last, the *divertissement*, act. While there is much to praise here, it remains something of a disappointment after what has gone before. Most of the "numbers" in the *divertissement* are dull ensembles. The dance of the Nine Muses is depressing (I could not distinguish between Erotic Poetry and Sublime Hymns which is awkward to say the least); and the Sacrificial Goats should have been sacrificed before the entertainment.

However, amends are made by the variations for Sylvia and Aminta and the breath-catchingly beautiful *pas de deux*. This is a *pas de deux* written as a love lyric with enchanting seconds of startling juxtapositions and an enraptured air of youth.

The finale of the work would possibly have been more impressive if the production department had managed the original apotheosis by which Eros and Diana ascend aloft to receive their homage.

In all, *Sylvia* is an outstanding contribution to British ballet. If it does not endure—I personally think it will—it will be because of its lack of superficial attractions and the fundamental strangeness of its conception.

Clive Barnes

MUSIC

A LOT of the *Sylvia* music we have known all our lives. We knew that there was a lot more, and many people have wondered what this "unknown quantity" was like. What we have missed all these years was not worth much worrying about. The best of *Sylvia* has been ours always.

That is not to say it is in any way worthless—merely that some parts of it are so much better than the rest.

Delibes, while remaining French in every musical respect, can be heard in this score to



Sylvia, having been abducted by Orion (John Hart), finds herself in his grotto in Act two. Here she is seen repulsing his amorous advances.



In order to effect her escape, Sylvia performs a Bacchic dance. Plying her captor with repeated draughts of wine, she succeeds in bemusing his senses until he falls to the ground in a stupor. In the background a Slave (Brian Shaw) dances with a tambourine.



On the second night of the season, Violetta Elvin took over the title rôle. She was at her best in the second act, in which she is seen here with John Hart.

have taken many musical ideas from Wagner, whose influence at the time of its composition pervaded all European music. It was, indeed, a strong individualist who could hope to escape it, consciously or otherwise.

The opening—the hunting-horn calls blazing through the lighter string scoring—is in itself Wagnerian in spirit and in evocative effect. The constant use of motifs throughout the score, attached to a personage, an idea or event, shows how Delibes made use of a continuity of idea expressed in music. He was not the first to do this; Adam used similar devices in *Giselle* although not on so marked a scale.

The difficulties of securing a full score were overcome by the work of conductor Robert Irving and the Covent Garden librarian, Richard Temple-Savage. Between them they re-created the complete work from a series of parts, and added here and there small portions of other Delibes music from *La Source*. The result, if it does not always seem to hang together at every point, at least gives a tolerable and apt score for the ballet.

Tchaikovsky greatly admired Delibes. (The Vision Scene of *The Sleeping Beauty* owes as much to the violin variation from *Sylvia* as to the slow movement of his own Fifth Symphony.) This superficial affinity might well have tempted Ashton into imposing a Russian type of bravura on to music which could not carry large choreographic climaxes.

However, the score of *Sylvia* is not all pastoral sweetness and its dramatic passages were appropriately paralleled. I wonder if Delibes' original collaborator served him so sensitively?

David Hunt

DANCING

SYLVIA is Fonteyn; she is divine and I can swell understand our swains commending her. The rôle is her personal possession as apparently it was the personal possession of its

original creator, Rita Sangalli, seventy-six years ago.

The part has everything for Fonteyn. It exploits her every quality, her passion, her fierce imperiousness, her tenderness, her pathos, her womanliness, her bravura. It gives us Fonteyn triumphant, Fonteyn bewildered, Fonteyn exotic, Fonteyn pathetic, Fonteyn in excelsis. The range of her dancing is unequalled, the heart-splitting significance she can give to a simple movement unsurpassed. The whole ballet is like a garland presented to the ballerina by her choreographer.

To follow Fonteyn in such a part is an ungrateful task. The two junior prima-ballerinas are to be consoled as much as praised. Neither is at the height of her powers. They are offered for comparison with a dancer presumably at the apex of her flight in a rôle built round her own peculiar qualities.

Grey did well. Indeed with her figure fined down, her vitality restored, she did better than she has done for years. In the first act her Amazon queen had a sweeping authority that rivals Fonteyn's. In the last act *pas de deux* she danced with a poised statuesque grace. Her performance in the grotto of Orion suffered from just that fault which disfigures her *Odile*: she lacked seductiveness.

Elvin, with beguiling arm-movements and beautiful enough to make Bacchus himself drunk, was at her best in this second scene. Elsewhere the part fitted her less happily than does Aurora or *Odette-Odile*.

The three Sylvias have three Amintas. Somes, who created the rôle, was lately returned from Paris where he studied under Volinine. He danced probably better than ever before. He had regained the buoyancy and lightness that temporarily deserted him last season and gave his variation with brilliance.

Although Chatfield was not Somes' equal in the variation, his first act was definitely pre-

ferable. A fine performance that more than justified the hopes raised by his first attempt at Florimund last season.

Field, who partnered Elvin, was not flattered by the costumes and danced in a competent but unexciting manner. However, it is worth noting that around the middle of the season he was forced to withdraw through illness and was doubtless not at his best. All three men partnered well.

The rôle of Orion was shared between Hart (Fonteyn and Elvin) and Field (Grey). Hart underlined every gnash of his teeth with vigour in a part heavily melodramatic in the first place. It is possible that some of the choreography of the second scene was influenced by Hart's remarkable prowess as a partner. He can make virtuoso lifts look child's play. Field handled Grey manfully and gave a more restrained dramatic account of the rôle than Hart. Both were inhibited in their dancing by the costume designer.

Eros is the smallest of the four main rôles. During the first act he spends most of his time as a statue; in the second he makes a brief appearance on a pedestal, and he does not dance until the third. Even then he is not accorded a variation. Grant not only made the most of his comic interventions disguised as a Sorcerer, but also gave an object lesson in classical style, an unusual feat for a character dancer.

Melville's Eros was in most ways Grant's equal. He did not have Grant's grandeur of manner and stance, but excelled in the comedy scenes and successfully substituted elegance for Grant's strength in the last act. Vernon, although he danced neatly, was unable to impose his personality upon the static first two scenes and was insufficiently god-like.

Farron made a very termagant of Diana; possibly that deity being more an ancient Roman than a Greek was incensed at being

forced to appear in a Greek story. (Incidentally, why should Greek and Roman divinities be shamelessly mixed up? Was it originally Tasso's error? In any case it looks illiterate.)

Clegg and Shaw provided one of the ballet's high-spots as Orion's slaves. The character *pas de deux* for the goats was given by Clayden with either Shaw or Clegg. They all danced well in a coy and understandably self-conscious manner. The rest of the company supported the principals nobly.

Clive Barnes

DECOR

THE original production of *Sylvia* came at one of the decadent periods of ballet—the Romantic Era had faded in a sigh, the majesty of the Russian classics had not made itself felt. Ballets of *Sylvia*'s period appeared to suffer from over-elaboration without creating any lasting effect.

There are two ways of designing classics of this kind—one is to re-create the period of its first performance, the other is to simplify everything in accordance with to-day's trend in stage designing (which might be dated by tomorrow). The brothers Ironside have been wise to recreate the style of the period of the original production of *Sylvia*.

Each of the three settings are delightful. The moonlit glade of the first act is exactly the place where fauns might romp and antique gods have their sport. Vegetation runs riot amongst rocks and caves; the very stars form themselves into zodiacal signs. The eye continually finds some fresh vista to explore.

The scene in Orion's cave is a late Victorian winter garden in all its lush glory. Here might any villain lie in wait to seduce the not entirely unsuspecting damsel. Huge palm trees soar to the domed roof from which hangs moss and coloured stalactites. The three archways resemble the entrance to a grotto such as our great grandparents would have delighted to show their luncheon guests.

The disappearance of the scene is well contrived though a trifle noisy, but it is doubtful whether massive rocks could really vanish without a murmur. The banquet-table sinks into the ground in a rather trite manner;



The final scene before the Temple of Diana. Sylvia, having escaped from Orion, is reunited to Amintha. Here Amintha (Somes) carries on Sylvia (Fonteyn) in triumph. There follows a beautiful pas de deux, one of the best parts of the ballet.

perhaps a puff of smoke would hide the obvious machinery.

Of the three, the final scene is the least good. In turning it into an age of gold, the designers have overdone the all-pervading colour. It is a classical seascape seen through jaundiced eyes. It is effective for the first five minutes but it becomes monotonous. Nevertheless as far as scenery is concerned this is probably the best designed three-act ballet in the repertoire.

Unfortunately the Ironsides in designing the costumes to suit the period have retained all the incongruities. Those for the principals are, on the whole, satisfactory. Sylvia's white hunting costume, with its elaborate gold motives, would be much better if it was not so muffled-

up around the neck. The essential helmet has not suited any of the ballerinas who have danced the role to date. Her second-act oriental costume is charming, so also is the key-patterned pink tutu of the final act.

Amintha's lack of costume in the first act is spoilt by a white fox stole; but his last act tunic in dark red and white is excellent and suited Somes particularly well. Orion was hampered in the first act by a superabundance of material.

It is with the clothes for the *corps de ballet* that the designers have failed the choreographer. After some noisy but pretty sylvan dresses in the opening, we were treated to peasants who looked as though they had been let loose in the wardrobe of the *Quo Vadis* film. A particularly well choreographed dance was lost in a welter of pitch-forks, spades and wheelbarrows. This plethora of props was also bestowed on the muses in the last act. Books, harps, masks and all the usual paraphernalia of muses are a burden when dancing has to take place—there never seems to be any way of getting rid of the wretched things. It means therefore that the dancers can do nothing with their hands and arms.

Some charming yellow costumes of *Sylvia*'s attendants were spoilt by stiff collars fitting close to their necks. The attendants on the goddess Diana looked like those ladies who assist jugglers at a circus. As they stood around in green velvet, trimmed with gold, one expected that at any moment they would proffer a top-hat, a vase of goldfish or some Indian clubs. As for some of the boys, they looked as though they had wandered out of an end-of-term performance of *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

These faults were probably all present in the original production—and more so—but here a few more concessions to to-day would have been an advantage. When some costume alterations have been made, the production will be as pretty and lavish as anything we are likely to see.

Peter Williams



On the third night of the season, the main rôles were taken by Beryl Grey and Philip Chatfield. They are seen here in the third act grand pas de deux. Of the three ballerinas, Grey probably brought the greatest feeling of the period. In his first major rôle with the company, Chatfield showed that he is developing into one of the leading English male dancers. Like Grey, he was at his best in the first act.

In our next issue will be photographs and opinions of the new ballets from Ballet Workshop.



curtain up!

Leonide Massine rehearsing Geneviève Lespagnol (Maria) and Angelo Pietri (Christ) in *Laudes Evangelii* for the Perugia Musical Festival. This choreographic Mystery based on the life and passion of Christ took place in San Domenico church from September 21 to 29.

The work was mimed and danced by thirty dancers. As well as those mentioned, the principals included Carlo Faraboni, René Bon and Alberto Moro. The music of Valentino Bucchi was interpreted by the choir and orchestra of the Florence Musicale Maggio and the soloists of La Scala, Milan.

Photographed by Serge Lido.

caravan and intend to make it their home. Where it is going to rest during their seasons at the Sadler's Wells Theatre is, at the moment, uncertain. But it gives rise to the hope that ballet tours will take on a more attractive aspect. How much more exciting it would be if a ballet company paraded the streets of the town in which it was about to play. The parade of caravans could be preceded by director Peggy van Praagh beating a big drum, the press department could hand out leaflets. There would be no more cause to blame the local press for not letting the public know that the company was in town.

Milan in place of Berlin

ANY disappointment which Violetta Elvin might have felt at being left behind when the Sadler's Wells Ballet went to Berlin (this was to avoid any possibility of incidents) was soon made up for by an invitation she received. She has been asked to appear as guest ballerina at La Scala, Milan, and it is probable that she will be there for three months. She will dance *Giselle*, the leading role in *Ballet Imperial* and possibly a new ballet will be created for her.

Hats, bonnets and whips forbidden

WITH Festival Ballet opening their Italian tour at the San Carlo Theatre in Naples, it is interesting to know the Rules for the Spectator which were published in a booklet during the war and presumably still stand.

"To the ladies that occupy the places in the hall is not permitted to hold the bonnet by to impede to the others spectators.

"For the decorum of theater and for your convenience leaves the hats to the wardrobe.

"In the area is forbid to enter with stick, whip and similar.

"In the room is not permitted the hat."

Anatomical mistake about Dolin

WE apologise for the confusion caused to our readers and Mr. Dolin by our statement, two months ago, that Anton Dolin

Bargains in the afternoon

THE decision to reduce the price of tickets for matinees at Covent Garden is wise. It will undoubtedly be popular as for some time it has been felt that the prices were rather high. The greatest reductions will, of course, be in the highest priced seats but it is in the gallery that this pre-war custom will be felt most. If it enables school-children and young students to come more often, then it will prove invaluable in building-up a more informed audience for the future.

New excuse for night out

NOT so popular with many people will be the 7.30 start for ballet performances at the Opera House. This is all right for those who live in central London as it will mean that those who eat before a performance will be able to do so without so much fear of indigestion. But already the end of a long programme is interrupted by the departure of people who have to catch last trains to distant suburbs or nearby provincial towns. Until our transport system has woken up to the needs of theatre-goers it will give many people a good excuse for not returning home at night—they were seeing the *Sleeping Beauty*.

Charlie Chaplin the dancer

IF all those millions of people who have for years delighted in the art of Charlie Chaplin, ever doubted that he was underneath it all a ballet dancer, well, here is proof.

The incident happened at the Los Angeles house of the violinist, Louis Kaufman.

Bernard Herman was most anxious to hear the Copland Sonata and asked Kaufman if he would play it to him. Kaufman readily agreed and the date was fixed.

On the morning of the party, Herman asked whether he could bring a few friends with him. Kaufman said O.K. and was surprised to find amongst the guests, Charlie Chaplin and his wife.

While Mrs. Chaplin showed a great interest in the books of the library, Charlie listened to the music. He sat without moving for some time, then he got up and mimed the whole

sonata. The expressive movements of his hands, feet and body proved clearly that at some time in his life he must have had real training as a ballet dancer.

Thus spake Sol Hurok

SAID the famous impresario, Sol Hurok, recently: "I would not want to bring Russian dancers over now even if I had the chance. Russian art is isolated. In Moscow they try to run ballet as it was fifty years ago. Give me Fonteyn!"

Where will their caravan rest?

DONALD BRITTON and his wife Maureen Bruce, of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, are not bothering any more with housing shortage. They have bought a

It's bound to happen—



—at the end of *Swan Lake* Act two.

Drawn by Peter Revitt

had suffered a series of foot injuries. The injury was higher up the leg—he actually had a prolonged knee injury which occurred during the Monte Carlo season early in the year. It took a very long time to get right but his dancing during the recent season at Festival Hall must have convinced everybody who saw him that he has now completely recovered. He is still the greatest cavalier of our day.

New wife for Grant, none for Turner

IN *Ballet Biographies* by Gladys Davidson, I described as an "invaluable reference book," we find the stirring information that Gerd Larsen is the wife of Alexander Grant. We feel sure that Mr. Harold Turner should be interested, if not annoyed, to find his wife in a literary union with another, specially as he has a biography later in the book and is not credited with any marriage at all.

Unarmed combat for dancers

WHAT a lot of lethal weapons we have seen on the stage recently. Swords, daggers, bows and arrows appear in one new ballet after the other. If the present trend continues, the future will obviously rest with the first ballet school to offer a course in unarmed combat as part of the regular curriculum.

A Coronation ballet?

ARE there to be any coronation ballets? We know that Benjamin Britten is composing an opera called *Gloriana* but so far there has been no mention of anyone mounting a ballet suitable to the occasion. People are always so busy trying to make works about death and destruction that it might be a good idea if they turned their minds to something more cheerful.

Our Christmas present to you

IHAVE shown the gallery-goer to whom I often turn for a second opinion, the eight colour photographs by Gordon An-



Sara Luzita leads the cancan dancers in the film *Moulin Rouge*. This dance will be the subject of an article by Ivor Guest in our next issue. Photographed by Duncan Melvin.

thony which we are giving free with each copy of our Christmas December number.

The resulting gasp of pleasure leads me to believe that the sales of this number will be our highest yet. I have selected these eight photographs from a total of twenty-four in the books *Dancers of the World in Colour*, *Sadler's Wells Ballet in Colour*, and the delightful *Beryl Grey* (just published by Phoenix House), as being the best representation of British ballerinas in colour.

The only problem is to make sure you all manage to get a copy of this December number. Our wholesale and newsagent friends have promised that every firm order given by the tenth of this month will be met. The only other way to make sure is by sending us a postal subscription. About those who leave the whole thing to chance we can do nothing; the expense of this colour supplement is such that we shall only print sufficient copies of the Christmas number to meet actual advance orders and I am glad to say that there will be no increase in price for what in publishing circles we generally call a "bumper" number.

This same gallery-goer was enraptured with Duncan Melvin's photographs of Festival Ballet in the 1953 calendar which we are giving free to every new postal subscriber to *Dance and Dancer* before December 31. They are the best collection of his photographs I have seen. In addition to all the current principals with the company are pictures of Riabouchinska who was with Festival Ballet a year ago and Miskovitch who was a guest artist during their last season in London.

Full details of both the colour supplement and the calendar are on page three of this number.

First to interview Italian star

THE next big welcome to London in the musical world will be for Maria Callas, the Italian opera star, who comes to Covent Garden on November 10 to sing the title role in *Norma*. Evan Senior has been the first person in England to interview her—a protracted interview conducted in both English and Italian by letter—and the re-

sult is a fascinating story which he tells in the November *Music and Musicians*. Details of other articles in this number are announced on page two.

Ballet-lovers progress

THOSE readers who have been asking Poly Tours have arranged for the spring will like to know that the progress starts on Monday, May 18, and finishes on Wednesday, July 8. For the sum of £414 you will go to England, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Spain, France and back to England. The delights promised are: *Ballet—from out front, from the wings, from before and behind the footlights*.

You will meet great personalities such as the Choreographer; Madame; Le Maitre himself; the Prima Ballerina.

You will meet in the flesh (in tights, tutus and sylphide skirts) those names so carelessly banded in ballet circles, who yet inspire awe, perhaps Fonteyn, Fifi, Helpmann, Somes. You will meet them at luncheons, in practice and green rooms, at the barre and in caves.

happy birthday to...

	Nov.
Dianne Richards	Festival Ballet 13
Yvonne Barnes	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet 14
Anne Heaton	Sadler's Wells Ballet 19
Jean Blanchard	formerly Champs Elysees Ballet 20
Don Gillies	Gene Kelly film 20
Ram Gopal	20
Stella Claire	Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet 23
Bryan Ashbridge	Sadler's Wells Ballet 25
Jocelyn Vollmar	De Cuevas Grand Ballet 25
Peter Wright	Ballets Jooss 25
Kara Valentine	Continental Ballet 26
Nicholas Magallanes	New York City Ballet 27
Shaun O'Brien	New York City Ballet 28
Philippe Perrotet	Festival Ballet 29
	Dec.
Alicia Markova	formerly Festival Ballet 1
Philip Chatfield	Sadler's Wells Ballet 2
Harold Turner	Sadler's Wells teacher 2
Moyra Fraser	formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet 3

Readers with birthday cards for dancers can address them c/o DANCE AND DANCERS, 12 Phipps Mews, Eccleston Place, London, S.W.1. Letters will be forwarded to the dancer's home address to arrive on the birthday. Please post early.

WE SAID THIS ABOUT . . .

. Svetlana Beriosova

In February, 1950, we said: "Svetlana Beriosova . . . because of her chance with the Metropolitan she may become one of the world's great stars."

In June, 1950, we said: "The presence of Elvin at the Opera House is now recognised by everyone as a good idea. Beriosova will probably do the same thing in Rosebery Avenue, for she has a quality that we have not seen in a dancer since Toumanova and Baronova burst upon us in the early thirties."

In November, 1951, we said: "Beriosova is the most delicious Swanilda to be seen in London for years."

. John Cranko

In March, 1950, we said: "Young as he is John Cranko has already revealed that he has the talent, is steadily gaining the knowledge and now has the opportunity, in his new appointment, of becoming one of the great English choreographers."

. A Ballet Workshop

In July, 1950, we said: "We desperately need an organisation like the American Choreographer's Workshop to try out new ideas, choreographers, designers, composers and dancers, and so prevent really promising talents, like those of Jack Carter and Alfred Rodrigues, from going to waste. This situation is grave and something should be done." (Ballet Workshop was formed at the beginning of 1951).

AN AMERICAN SEES BIRTH OF BRITISH BALLET

MARIE RAMBERT

The Ballet Club

THE Ballet Club—or as it is now called the Ballet Rambert—and Mercury Theatre were twin organisations housed in the same building and drawing their inspiration from Marie Rambert and Ashley Dukes. She took care of the dance department, he the dramatic, producing such plays for the first time as *The Ascent of F6* by W. H. Auden, and *Murder in the Cathedral* by T. S. Eliot, directly after the Canterbury premiere.

The theatre was run on a shoestring, the house being scaled to £25 maximum. I have always believed that Madame's ballet school paid most of the bills. Rambert was chief teacher, assisted by a young friendly drudge named Antony Tudor. Tudor also served when need arose as secretary, accompanist, stage manager, and janitor, for a fixed salary of £2 a week, room and tuition thrown in. Some of the better pupils also helped out with the teaching now and then, but the school and theatre were run on a strictly professional basis: dancers got 5s. 6d. a performance, choreographers lump sums and a royalty. Tudor, for instance, was paid £10 for his *Jardin aux Lilas*, 2s. 6d. a performance royalty. We all, except Tudor, paid Madame for our classes.

Mim's parsimony never failed as a stimulus to dressing-room conversation. She was relentless about pennies, ha'pence even. The one thing she did not think worth saving was energy, hers or anyone's. Costumes were let out, material re-dyed, coats turned, scenery painted over rather than squander an extra pound and start afresh. In this she was like my mother, and I had a sympathy for the point of view.

She had to do this; it was carry on this way or quit. She had no endowment that I know of beyond Ashley's personal income. They turned everything they earned back into their theatre and its many experimental productions; they lived very quietly without even permitting themselves a car—they considered the Mercury their only luxury. She gave a performance nearly every Sunday night throughout the year and mounted fresh pieces regularly. She furnished her pupils and apprentices with a place to learn and practise their trade. She did not also expect to pay them. Coming from America where there was opportunity of no sort and where one paid overtime for whatever paltry chance, I considered myself lucky to have found such a berth.

The Ballet Club functioned in what had been the vestry house of a small odd-shaped church situated in an apex of land on the Notting Hill Gate bus routes. Outside it looked like just what it originally was; inside it was a geometric conglomeration of boxes, hallways, levels, closets, tiny auditoriums, and stairways. I think I loved it from the start because it reminded me of the castle I had constructed in our garage. All larger divisions were lit by long ecclesiastical windows which gave an air of sanction to everything that went on inside, even the quarrelling.

One entered a vestibule hardly big enough for five people to stand in together, warmed one's hands at a coal grate exactly like a Cruikshank hearth, bought a ticket at a cardboard wicket and walked into an auditorium that seated one hundred and fifty people. The stage was by actual measurement eighteen feet square. The whole place had the air of a tiny

by

AGNES DE MILLE

eighteenth-century princeling's court theatre. And it was in this shoe-box, this Punch and Judy show, that the renaissance of English dance occurred. Frederick Ashton proved himself here. Antony Tudor matured into a finished choreographer, the greatest in Europe. Alicia Markova was a regular performer in the days when no one else would give her footroom.

The school revolved around the practice hall which lay alongside the auditorium on a lower level. One went down precipitous steps at the back and entered a large oak-beamed room with a typical ecclesiastical vaulted ceiling. The windows were high up in the clerestory and admitted a pale reflected light because this part of the building was surrounded by Notting Hill dwellings. Voices and music sounded un-

This is the first instalment of chosen extracts from Agnes de Mille's famous book—*Dance to the Piper* (Hamish Hamilton, 18/-). For the next four months we shall publish the chapters which we feel to be of the most interest to our readers.

We are grateful to Hamish Hamilton for giving us permission to use sections of the memoirs of one of America's foremost choreographers who is also a dancer of considerable importance.

naturally loud as in all empty high-studded rooms. The floor was of oak polished to the shine of a dining-table and literally worn into the grain by human flesh. I can still feel the knots, nailheads and joinings under the balls of my feet, the bruising crack under my heel. Down the length of the walls ran *de rigueur* the barre. At one end of the room hung a large old mirror, at the other, encased in iron railing, stood a pot-bellied stove which grew rosy when prodded by the janitor, and gave off mustiness but no heat.

The pianist with blue fingers sat at her upright, her back to comfort, in two sweaters, a shawl, a coat, an old felt hat. Whenever a dancer passed close to the stove, she steamed slightly. The whole room smelled of damp black woollens. The walls sweated. The grey damp of English winter streamed and thickened on the pale windows. Visitors sat fully coated and haunted without dreaming of undoing a button.

The dancers dressed in lumber rooms and storage closets filled with old scenery and costume trunks. The practice clothes hung three deep on hooks all around the walls and they did not dry of body sweat from one day to the next. On arrival a girl would rigorously pull off her woollen dress and standing in her woollen undershirt hold her damp black tights over the oil stove while her pale flesh quivered at the exposure. I never put on my pants without looking for mushrooms in the seams. The dank contact made my skin jump.

Pioneers in Notting Hill

The English girls took it all quite naturally. Those astonishing English girls! Modest, shy, dogged, and indestructible, with plain bodies, all large-boned and rheumatic. They were

virginal, flower-skinned, their cheeks already veined with the raw damp, their knuckles red, their joints and backs punished with incipient arthritis. Their bodies had not the resilience of nerve of American bodies. By comparison, they seemed slow. American speed in learning, brilliance in turns, American bounce and recoil were bywords on the Continent. "Every race," said Karsavina to me, "has its time for growth, flowering, and decline. Racially your bodies are young; ours are old." The English dancers learned their trade doggedly. How so many of them became great artists is the miracle. But this is an English faculty: the achievement of glory through daily plodding.

The English girls stood long and slender in their black woollen tights and long-sleeved black jumpers at the barre. Their names were Andree Howard, Diana Gould (Mrs. Yehudi Menuhin), Elizabeth Ruxton (Lisa Serova of the Ballet Russe), Betty Cuff (Nelidova of the Ballet Russe), Pearl Argyle with a face like an anemone, Elizabeth Schooling, Prudence Hyman, Mona Inglesby, and Mim's daughters Lulu and Angela Dukes (Lulu later danced the comedy lead in the English *Oklahoma!*). Beside them were the boys. Their names were Frederick Ashton, Antony Tudor, Hugh Laing, Frank Staff, Walter Gore, William Chappell.

In the centre of the room darted Mim, Madame Wasp, queen hornet, vixen mother, the lady boss of Notting Hill. Knobby, knotted with passion, her little legs in wrinkled black tights, her child's tough body in a shapeless baby-pink garment ruffled at the hips, a veil around her little dark head, she scrambled from side to side in the room, pulling, pushing, poking, screaming, and imploring.

Now and then she would stamp her foot and literally howl with distaste. Her hands were not kind. "Long the arms," she would say, pulling an arm almost out of its shoulder socket, "Eggie" (that would be me). "Long the arms and the hands long to be in line," and she moulded the fingers roughly into a pointed clump. "Now, relax!" and she sharply rapped the extended wrist bone. "Down the shoulders"—a blow on the collarbone. "Up the head!" A jerk behind the ears. "Frrrrreddie, pull in your great bottom. You flaunt your bottom like a banner. Schooling, how dare you be late. With your woolly legs? I give all my time and strength to making something we have not to be ashamed of and you bring your woolly legs to class late without a *plié*". Schooling's face goes like custard and she quietly walks out of the room. "Eggie! Relax!" Diana murmurs between exercises, "I saw you-know-who at the Ballet Russe last night. He'd grown a new moustache, and he did look too Madonna!"

"Deeanna," shouts Mim. "Do not make jokes! I am tired of your humour. I am tired of your wit. I would prefer one good arabesque to six jokes." Diana's face hardens. "Sue, you use your legs like a mop. Down the eyebrows, Eggie, down the eyebrows. No, not that music, Norah, how stupid!"

All this time the pumping goes on around the room without surcease, the heavy breathing, the lifting and falling of legs, the striking and stroking of feet on the floor. Mim, hanging on to the barre around the stove, practises along with the class. Hugh Laing suddenly leaves his place and goes and sits in a corner by the stove brooding. Schooling, with pink eyes, returns. "Andrée, you will never dance if you persist in this ugliness. You have been losing ground steadily for the last six months." Andrée's grey eyes fill. Mim believes in Andrée's choreographic gifts, and feels sorry for her because she has heart trouble. From here on Andrée weeps silently until the end of

class. Antony potters along neither very good nor very bad, biding his time. Ashley Dukes, that "tawny man," as Diana calls him, wanders in from a conference with W. H. Auden, and stands in the door beaming in a kind of effulgent dislike. "I must say I do hate all forms of dancing," he remarks as he leaves. "Antony," calls Mim, "they need an accompanist in the basement. Go do it, please." Antony docilely leaves and goes down to the children's class which contains three little girls closely related to nobility. Hugh is sitting with glazed eyes fixed to a crack and apparently sees nothing. Mona Inglesby demonstrates an adagio. Mona is subject to headaches, and a mother. She has lots and lots of money. Mim gives her a great deal of attention and she is becoming an unusually fine dancer. "Deeanna, I hope you watched this. This is what I call real feeling. No comments, please."

A new mother is led into the room. She has two daughters of the proper age for ballet training. Mim suddenly turns girlish and frisky. There is a complete reshuffling of the class. Pearl is brought to the front as well as the rebuked but defiant Diana. I am hidden at the rear. Class is reorientated to what used to be called in court dancing "The Presence."

It ends at last. Mim does three cartwheels and stands on her head. She shouts, "Frrrr-reddie, catch me!" and jumps into the arms of the blushing Anton. The mother is surprised. Mim cackles like a banshee, invites the visitor for lunch and goes off to change.

At the back of the room we discover Alicia Markova who has been there quite some time waiting for Ashton's rehearsal to begin. She sits upright, her long slender legs in their hand-wrought tights crossed like two knitting-needles. Beside her sits Hugh, unmoving. The pianist, Norah, has spread a coat over his bare legs and is talking in a low motherly way, and

although he hasn't stirred he is obviously softening up inside. The damp has become almost visible. Antony has promised to bring him some hot tea and a sandwich so he won't have to leave off his interesting occupation. We pass through the auditorium. Markova is doing finger-turns on Ashton's hand, six, eight, ten turns like a piano stool, round and round, and then smooths out as easy as butter at the end.

Mim goes to family lunch in her Campden Hill home round the corner. The children and Reine, Miss Dukes, chatter like squirrels in the technical jargon that is comprehensible only to ballet students and more particularly to Cecchetti ballet students. Mim nibbles and sips, taking her spoon from her mouth to contradict Ashley when he becomes too grandiloquent. Ashley doesn't hear the children, doesn't mind Mim, sits like the last of the Georgians, ruddy with satisfactory food, making finely balanced pronouncements. Buttressed by the august tradition of English letters he heaps scorn on the arduous labours of his women-folk. One would gather from his remarks that they were indulging in some sort of time-killer like Victorian needlework or acrostics.

The continual mockery of her lord and master can have been of no comfort to Mim but she apparently turns it all aside with gaiety. She nibbles a bit of biscuit, demolishes with one phrase the latest West End play, works out mentally the cost of a set of costumes at 4s. 6d. each; analyses Angie's pirouettes *dehors et dedans*, hums a little Prokofieff and sounds out the mother sharply on the likelihood of her daughters' starting lessons soon. I cannot answer for the mother. She probably loves it, as I always did. What she cannot understand she must recognise as robust, saltry and explosively vital. The chances are the daughters will be enrolled before cheese.

We, the pupils, eat at Sally's Tea Room in Church Street. Elizabeth Schooling has found her tongue at last. Schooling is a true English beauty, all pink and white and powdered gold. She has a pink pout for a mouth and her voice sounds like Miss Muffet out of sorts. Diana, deep in a sultana pudding, sums Mim up in terms that would have done Wilde no discredit. But Andrée only sits, tears still streaming down her cheeks. I eat. I'm hungry. And besides I have a three-hour rehearsal ahead of me in the afternoon, in a basement where there is no heat whatsoever.

It is difficult to give a just appraisal of Rambert. At the very mention of her name dancers sometimes lose all self-control. Sometimes their eyes fill. Sometimes they grow pale. However, after they have spent their exasperation, they usually add, "But you know, she could be wonderfully sweet. And after all she did do a lot for English dancing."

By God, she did! Had she had an organisation behind her comparable to the Sadler's Wells, Rambert, like Ninette de Valois, might have turned her theatre into a national institution. More, because of her daring, her catholicity of interest, her infallible taste and her enormous flair for new talent, and this was her great flair beyond anyone else's, she might have headed the first lyric theatre of Europe. De Valois was a great organiser; Mim a poor one. She drove people nuts. They left. This is no small tragedy.

Do not miss the next instalment of Agnes de Mille's *Dance to the Piper* in our December Christmas issue. This contains a just appraisal of Rambert's great work and what she has done for the dancers of today. Also in the same number will be a discussion between Marie Rambert and Peter Williams about the future.

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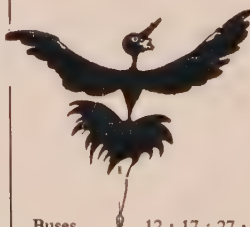
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Dance and Dancers AT HOME

SADLER'S WELLS AT COVENT GARDEN

AFTER their flying visit to Berlin and a short provincial tour, the company open at Covent Garden on November 15. On the following Monday two old friends return to the repertoire after a considerable lapse of time—Ninette de Valois' *Job* and Frederick Ashton's *Apparitions*. The former is, of course, one of the first great English ballets and was first given by the Camargo Society in 1931. Since the war, the setting and costumes have been redesigned by John Piper. *Apparitions* was first given in 1936 with designs by Cecil Beaton, who re-designed the work when it was mounted for Covent Garden a few years ago. The role of the Woman in the Ball Dress was the first big role which Ashton created for Fonteyn; she will be dancing it during the coming season.

A newcomer to the title role of Ashton's *Sylvia* will be Nadia Nerina, who is to have Alexis Rassiné as her peasant lover, Aminta.

It is unlikely that the guest ballerinas—Markova and Shearer—will appear with the company until after the New Year. Markova, by the way, has scored a great triumph in New York—her performances in *Giselle* with Ballet Theatre have won her rave notices from all the critics. Her partner was Igor Youskevitch.

Nerina and Grant in *Coppelia*

THE recent Covent Garden season could well have been called the Sadler's Wells Delibes Festival. Not only was it based on the new production of *Sylvia* but it ended with four performances of *Coppelia*.

Coppelia is not a ballet that shows the company to any great advantage. The strength of the company nowadays rests more with its stars and soloists than with its *corps de ballet*, and these get few opportunities in *Coppelia*. When, as Swanilda's friends, the soloists do dance they dance deplorably. Furthermore, the work is badly decorated, poorly produced and indifferently choreographed.

For many years the ballet's unquestioned popularity appeared the sole reason for its inclusion in the repertory, but recently its existence has been justified by a few more praiseworthy reasons. The Sadler's Wells organisation has discovered in its new generation of dancers a set of Swanildas whose individual performances far exceed those of the immediate past.

To the names of Beriosova and Lane may now be added that of Nadia Nerina. Her performance this season was far from being her debut in the role, but where her previous appearances had been largely un-

distinguished her present portrayal is one of the utmost accomplishment, charm and vivacity. Her Swanilda, delightfully confident and unaffected in the first two acts, serene and regal in the last, can now be put beside the extraordinary promise of her Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*.

Probably Nerina is the most technically assured of our younger dancers. Her technique—her steely points and free-limbed high-kicks, for example—is not offered to her audience as an achievement but is used as the starting point for interpretation.

In the wholly justifiable furore over Beriosova it would be unwise to dismiss the claims of Nerina for ultimate greatness. With the examples of Fonteyn, Elvin and Grey before them, and the talent of such dancers as Fifield, Heaton, Lane, Lindsay, Miller and Olrich in the background, Beriosova and Nerina (at present the chief contenders for crowning honours) make the perfect stable-companions.

Nerina was partnered at one performance by Alexander Grant, making his debut as Franz. He filled in the first two acts with much good-humoured and apparently *ad lib* miming. His partnering was more stylish than faultless, a phrase that also describes his dancing in the last act.

As he showed in *Sylvia*, Grant, a character dancer with few equals, can perfectly 'ape'—if that is the word—the classical manner. Without doubt, given experience and a fresh polish to his classical variations (his trailing leg was often bent in jumps, his air-turns were erratic), he could be used as a classical virtuoso with as much success as Shaw is used as a character dancer.

Clive Barnes

Age withers some ballets

A PART from two Delibes' ballets—*Sylvia* and *Coppelia*—which took up most of the September Covent Garden season, there were four performances of *Mam'zelle Angot*, *Don Juan* and *Bonne-Bouche*. *Angot* does not wear well and, apart from the performances of Nerina in the title role, Grant as the Barber, and the beautiful designs of Derain, there seems little point in giving it any more. The choreography seems muddled and dated.

It is a not always recognised fact that companies can out-grow certain ballets and, although this work seemed fresh and gay only a few years ago, it was mainly because the company at that time had few light works as a relief from the more ponderous productions. To-day we have *Les Patineurs*, *Ballabile* and *Bonne-Bouche*; even works such as *Ballet Imperial* and *Daphnis and Chloe* could hardly be called heavy. On top of that, the company has matured so considerably that French light operatic junketing seems now to be almost amateurish.

Bonne-Bouche is still good entertainment and will probably remain so for a few years, but that also, as soon

as it becomes a stand-by hack, should quietly be sent to the knacker's yard. At the moment it remains a splendid vehicle for Brian Shaw. Gerd Larsen, taking over Pamela May's role of the over-ambitious mother, showed a nice sense of comedy though she lacked the punch of May. Those who never saw May can still enjoy this delightfully comic, though not very pleasant, character.

—but enhances others

THE successful revival of Ashton's *Don Juan* (fully reviewed next month) makes us only too aware of how well Ashton ballets last. Many of them get a sound trouncing at their first performance but two years later they come up fresh as flowers picked in the morning dew. Look at *Scenes de Ballet* or *Daphnis and Chloe*; who but a few (of whom the present writer numbers himself) really appreciated the true merits of these ballets which are now considered to be popular "draws" on any programme? Is it not time for *Wedding Bouquet* to have its permanent place in the repertoire? I can think of few more intelligently comic works in the whole history of the dance.

Peter Williams

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

ON Friday, September 19, which marked the first performance of *Ile des Sirenes* (reviewed fully elsewhere in this issue), Marjory Lane danced Odette in *Le Lac des Cygnes* Act II. Physically she is not ideal for the role as she is too short. What she lacks in height she makes up for in musicality. Seldom have I seen a young dancer who not only understood the music, bar for bar, but also realised the full emotional content. These things are expected from ballerinas of long-standing but rarely from the young entry. Lane has progressed slowly but surely through the years; it now seems that she is about to blossom out into full ballerina-dom.

How badly the heroes of Russian classics are treated. They have little to do other than stand about looking poetic in varying degrees. When not doing this they have to lug the ballerina around the stage making it look as though they were doing little more than take a couple of postcards to the pillar box. David Poole, who partnered Lane on this occasion, does all these things in as perfect a way as can be expected from any man. His every gesture has a meaning and even the dumbest cluck could understand his mime, particularly in the dialogue about the misdeeds of Von Rothbart. The only thing which spoils his performance is a make-up which makes him look as though he has been romping in a flour bin preparatory to swan-hunting.



Janine Charrat and Milorad Miskovitch in *Concerto*. This is the pas de deux, to the first two movements of Greig's piano concerto, which Charrat created. They both danced at the Third Birthday Gala of Festival Ballet in Festival Hall.

Photo: Renoux



John Gilpin and Belinda Wright in the re-dressed *Concerto Grosso* en Ballet, which was seen for the first time at the same gala.

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DANCE and DANCERS 12 PHIPPS MEWS, ECCLESTON PLACE
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JOTA TOLEDANA and Cranko's *Tritsch-Tratsch*, which followed, are both wildly popular with the audience, which is presumably the reason for their remaining in the repertoire. They are lively and jolly and would enliven any school speech-day or Vic Wells Ball cabaret. But the company is no longer a junior one and these bits and pieces have no place in a repertoire which boasts such fine works as *Fete Etrange* and *Harlequin in April*. All the jollity that is needed can be got from *Pineapple Poll* or *Les Rendezvous*. The Jota from a Spanish province, which never knew such a dance, must be a great embarrassment to Pirmin Trecu as also must that coy Strauss polka be to the choreographer who has recently created such a mature work as *Reflection*.

Somes' first choreographic work

MICHAEL SOMES' first ballet, *Summer Interlude*, returned to the repertoire on September 26. When this Mediterranean picnic, to Respighi's *Old Airs and Dances*, was first given three years ago, it was a good light work for the young company. It brought out the hardly discovered beauty of Patricia Miller. Now we know all about that beauty and, apart from underlining this fact, there seems not much point in reviving the ballet.

Somes shows that he has many choreographic ideas, some of them very good, but it is time that he was given a new ballet in which to develop them. The principals in the cast remained the same except for Sara Neil who danced the Fifield role of the rich bathing siren. When she has danced it more often she will attain the crispness which Fifield originally gave to the variation. Neil is one of the younger members of the company whose progress should be watched with interest.

I still find it hard to believe that Sophie Fedorovitch, whose work I admire above all other English designers, was responsible for the decoration of this ballet. The programme continues to assure that this is so.

Peter Williams

FESTIVAL BALLET

THE company, which is at present touring Italy, will be back at Festival Hall on Boxing Day. Their Christmas season will consist of the full *Nutcracker* and *Harlequinade*. The latter is to have new choreography by Peter Darrell and decor and costumes by Kenneth Aadams (Kenneth Macmillan to you). It will be based more on the Commedia dell'Arte than was the original version of David Lichine. Gilpin and Wright will be Harlequin and Columbine. Noel Rossana is a character called Barrette La Chartreuse, and Walter Burgess (who was so good in *Symphony for Fun*) is Pierrot. Trunoff, Godfrey and Webb also have roles.

Grown-up at three

THE recent season at Festival Hall saw the third birthday of the company. This was celebrated with an all-star Gala Performance on September 12. Nobody could complain that they were not getting their money's worth. In addition to the usual gala stand-bys—the *Pas de Quatre*, *The Black Swan* and *Don Quixote pas de deux*—there was also *Prince Igor* (with full choir), *Symphony for Fun*, a re-dressed *Concerto Grosso* and guest artists Janine Charrat and Milorad Miskovitch in *Concerto* (first two movements of the Grieg A minor piano concerto).

The new costumes by Tonr. Lingwood do not improve Lichine's *Concerto Grosso en Ballet*. What seemed inoffensive, though unexciting, in practice costume now seems pretentious when dressed as a Roman holiday. As choreography, Lichine's work has a considerable amount of originality, but unfortunately it bears little

The two photographs on this page are of *Andrée Howard's La Fete Etrange*, which the *Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet* has revived in the past season.

Right: The pas de trois given by three guests (Patricia Miller, Donald McAlpine and Sheila O'Reilly) at the pre-wedding party.

Below: The complications which ensue when the Country Boy (Pirmin Trecu, right centre) gate-crashes the party given by The Bridegroom (David Gill) for his Bride (Elaine Fifield, centre on floor).

The photographs give some idea of Sophie Fedorovitch's beautiful costumes and decor.

Photographed by Denis de Marney



relation to the Vivaldi music. Why a young Roman, John Gilpin, should become involved in some extraordinary lifts with four other Romans is hard to fathom. Belinda Wright appears to be either a vestal virgin or a Roman matron: the steps she has to perform, and her personal piquante style, do not fit into this environment.

Andrée Howard once did such a good ballet to this music that it seems a pity it could not have been revived.

Visitors from France

BOTH Charrat and Miskovitch gave great style to the Grieg concerto. It was acrobatic and the line of the two dancers made many beautiful compositions. This work also bore little relation to the music, but as a concert piece it was excellent for displaying both the dancers and a certain trend in French dance presentation. Such works are frequently seen in Paris at galas in homage to Chopin, Tchaikovsky or Grieg. They always appear to be the same whichever composer is concerned, but one is invariably impressed by the slickness and finish of the performers. It all arises from Serge Lifar's all-pervading influence over contemporary French dancers and choreographers.

Vitality and vulgarity

THE real star of the evening was Nathalie Leslie, who gave a brilliant (in the true sense of the word) *Black Swan*. Her partner, Gilpin, was a perfect match for this dazzling display.

In spite of the ecstasy with which the audience always greets Arova and Briansky in *Don Quixote*, they both seem to have reached the limit of *chi-chi*. Flashing smiles, wagging hips, every movement exaggerated to the point of burlesque may be good for applause-catching. They do not make a classical *pas de deux*. Tournanova has got away with this sort of thing for years but she is—Tournanova. Her great beauty and personality make it plausible, but nobody should imitate her. Arova and Briansky are both fine enough dancers not to have to resort to an interpretation which suits them ill. Let us in future have this *pas de deux* danced straight and let all the bravura come from the choreography of Oboukhoff and the music of Minkus.

The rest of the company in their varied works danced with the zest and vitality which has now become their trademark.

To have achieved so much in three years is surely remarkable. Most of the credit for this is due to the unflagging energy of Anton Dolin who has managed to inject the enthusiasm of the first great Russian company, in which he played so prominent a part, into the young English dancers.

Peter Williams

TELEVISION

DANCING, the pièce-de-résistance of John Cranko's recent season of ballet at Henley-on-Thames is the, first ballet I have seen in some years which has had a wholly successful translation to the television screen.

The music to Cranko's ballet, by the progressive-jazz composer, George Shearing, is "little" music, intended to be listened to in rooms rather than concert halls. The choreography, too, is of an intimate colloquial nature.

Dancing provides a microcosm of all Cranko's work. Eminently theatrical and beautifully constructed, alive with unceasing invention, it also contains his most glaring fault. There has hardly been a Cranko ballet yet without those deflating moments when he suddenly lets one down by completely ignoring the music and creating an *enchainement* or grouping that has nothing at all to do with anything that has gone before. Just such a moment occurs at the opening of the finale of *Dancing*, when the four supporting dancers are arrested in a static group that is almost unbearable in relation to the rapid chattering music.

But this ballet also exemplifies what is perhaps Cranko's greatest gift: his ability to tailor a role to fit a dancer to perfection. The ballet is held together almost single-handedly by Kenneth MacMillan, whose seemingly spontaneous humour, grace and sense of characterisation were here exploited to the full.

Sonia Hana's feline cuddliness was kept well to the fore. The four supporting dancers somehow did not make as much effect as they did at Henley, but the two boys, Walter Trevor and David Shields, danced with fitting virility, and Margherita Tate and Yvonne Cartier brought attractiveness and good humour to their roles.

John Piper created a new built-up setting to replace that used at Henley. The set lent atmosphere to the ballet and gave ample room to the dancers.

Productions such as this are worth ten times the half successful reconstructions of the classics. It is to be hoped that the BBC learn from their own good work.

Jeffrey Solomons



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Dance and Dancers . . . ABROAD

GERMANY

SANDWICHED between the appearances of the New York City Ballet and Sadler's Wells at the Berlin Festival, a selection of native talent appeared under the direction of Tatiana Gsovsky, offering Stravinsky's *Apollo and the Muses* and Pulcinella, Gottfried von Einem's *Princess Turandot* and Hans-Werner Henze's version of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, in which the title role was spoken by Klaus Kinski and the part of Nastasja Filipovna danced by Wiet Palar of the Amsterdam Opera.

Once again the introduction of speech into ballet proved a failure, but the choreographer was quick to realise this and the work will be entirely danced when repeated in Venice. Other soloists appearing were Natasha Trofimova, who together with Yugoslav Pino Mlakar has replaced the Skorik-Gsovsky combination in Munich, Gerd Reinholm (Düsseldorf), Suse Praisser and Kainer Köchermann (Berlin), and Gisela Deege (Hamburg) who, partnered by Frank Hoopman, is to dance Prokofiev's *Cinderella* there this season.

In Essen on September 22 the twentieth anniversary of *The Green Table* was celebrated by a gala performance at which Noelle de Mosa returned to the Ballets Jooss after six months' absence due to a foot injury. Kurt Jooss's next new work *Night Train* (Tansman/Pudlich) will have its premiere on October 18. J. Stuart Barker

HOLLAND

A NEW company has been formed by Sonia Gaskell at The Hague. It consists of ten dancers, Jaap Flier, the premier male dancer, being only eighteen. A performance was given at The Hague on September 22 and was followed by an evening at the Stadsschouburg in Haarlem, on September 26, which was enthusiastically received.

The programme opened with divertissements from *The Sleeping Beauty*, Miss Willy de la Bye giving a good rendering of the Violet Fairy. The company seemed a little nervous at first, their timing being good, but their technique poor. Miss Gaskell then produced a ballet to music by Villa Lobos, based on a story by Garcia Lorca.

The last piece before the interval was *Rhythme en Klank*. This was set by Sonia Gaskell to music by Bela Bartok. It seemed a combination of class exercises in practice dress, which proved to be beautiful in its rhythmical simplicity. It was just right for the young company, and Jaap Flier danced the male lead with assurance and grace.

Then Maria Hylarides and Jaap Flier gave the *Black Swan pas de deux* from *Swan Lake*, delighting the audience with youthful charm as well as technical efficiency.

A ballet by Miss Gaskell, to Bach's Italian Concerto, was danced well (particularly Maria Huisman in the Andante movement), but too drawn out. Even with the best dancers and decor, Bach and ballet do not mix.

After a short piece, based on Baudelaire's poem, *Le vert paradis des amours enfantines*, with music by a young Dutch composer, Jan Mul, the whole company danced a Stravinsky ballet, *Ragtime*. This showed some New York City Ballet influence and was well received.

The company were given a great ovation with 15 curtains and seemed overawed by their success. Considering that this was only their second public performance, they have shown courage and versatility, and of them Jaap Flier and Maria Hylarides show great promise. Miss Gaskell's company deserves to succeed, and perhaps may become the nucleus of a Dutch National Ballet, which Holland sorely needs. John Pye

U.S.S.R.

New ballet to Sylvia music

FADETTE

Production of the 2nd Company of the Moscow Bolshoi Theatre. Choreographer, L. LAVROSKY; decors, T. STARJENETZKAYA; conductor, G. DOUGASHEV

THESE three creators of the ballet strove to bring to life the musical score of Delibes' *Sylvia*, undeservedly forgotten because of its unsatisfactory libretto. This lovely music enchanted Tchaikovsky, who wrote about it: "What elegance, what wealth of melody, rhythm and harmony."

In 1934 the Leningrad Choreographic School first produced a ballet to the music of Sylvia, using as libretto *La Petite Fadette* by George Sand. This ballet was later transferred to the Leningrad Maly Opera Theatre. It was one of the first attempts to create a choreographic spectacle with definite dramatic action and realistic characters. These aims were on the whole successfully fulfilled. *Fadette* played an important part in the development of the realistic approach in Soviet ballet. It won the appreciation of the Soviet public. That is why we awaited with such interest the revival of this ballet after 18 years by the 2nd Company of the Bolshoi Theatre.

We expected that our leading choreographer, Lavrensky, creator of such outstanding ballets as *Red Poppy* (Bolshoi Theatre) and *Romeo and Juliet* (Leningrad



Two photographs from the recent Jooss ballet, *Weg im Nebel* (Misty Way), which was fully reviewed in our October issue. The four movements are about characters seeking relief from suffering.

Above: A general scene showing the grouping. Below: Two Chilean dancers, Alfonso Unanue and Patricio Bunster, in the second movement. Photographed by S. Enkelmann.

U.S.A.

New York City Ballet

A SIX-WEEK season will open at New York City Centre on November 4. This will be the first season to be given in its native city since the company left for their European tour early in the year.

During the coming season there will be two new works from George Balanchine. Mendelssohn's Scottish Symphony is the music to be used for the first of these, which at the time of writing has no title. The costumes are by David Ffolkes and Barbara Karinska.

The second is to Hindemith's *Variations on Themes by Weber* and based on Kafka's *Metamorphoses*, from which the ballet also takes its title.

In addition to the usual principal dancers all those who were not seen, or hardly seen at all, in London—Maria Tallchief, Janet Reed, André Eglevsky and Jerome Robbins—will be back with the company.

Nora Kaye, who is dancing in the Bette Davis revue, *Two's Company*, will only be able to dance on Sundays.

Constance Baker and her husband Alan, left the company in Europe and are heading a small group being organised in London by former Jooss dancer, Antoinette Weinberg.

FRANCE

YVETTE CHAUVIRE, whose Ballet de Marigny closed at that theatre on September 6, is planning to tour Europe. English readers will be delighted to hear of the great success of Joan Cadzow, late of Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. She took over Chauvire's rôles while the ballerina was with Festival Ballet in London.

The Grand Ballet de Marquis de Cuevas have opened a season at the Théâtre de L'Empire, which will probably last for two months at least. New works include three by John Taras, one from the Danish choreographer Birger Bartholin (to be designed by our own Sophie Fedorovitch), and a new work by Ana Ricarda.

Ballet Dates

SADLER'S WELLS PROVINCIAL TOUR

The company, including Fonteyn, Elvin, Grey, Nerina, Somes, Field, Grant, Hart and Shaw, will dance *The Three Cornered Hat*, *Lac des Cygnes* (Act II), *Facade*, *Les Sylphides*, *Don Juan*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Ballet Imperial* and *Coppelia*.

Oct. 20 Empire, Cardiff
27 Gaumont, Southampton (2 weeks)

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET at Covent Garden

Nov. 15 (M) *Les Sylphides*, *Don Juan*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Three Cornered Hat*
15 (E) *Les Sylphides*, *Don Juan*, *Symphonic Variations*, *Three Cornered Hat*

17 *Ballet Imperial*, *Apparitions* (revival), *Job* (revival)
21 *Three Cornered Hat*, *Apparitions*, *Job*

22 *Les Patineurs*, *Apparitions*, *Ballet Imperial*
25 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes, Hart, Grant)

26 *Sylvia* (Nerina, Rassine, Field, Grant)

28 *Sylvia* (Grey, Chatfield, Field, Melville)

29 *Sylvia* (Elvin, Field, Hart, Vernon)

Please note that all evening performances of ballet at Covent Garden will start at 7.30 p.m. after November 15.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET Provincial Tour

Oct. 20 New Theatre, Oxford
27 Grand Theatre, Leeds

Nov. 3 Grand Theatre, Leeds
10 Lyceum, Sheffield

17 New Theatre, Hull
24 Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham

Dec. 11 New Theatre Royal, Norwich

BALLET RAMBERT Arts Theatre, Cambridge

Oct. 27 People's Palace, London
Nov. 10 Programme for November 10-12, *Nutcracker Suite*, *Plaisance*, *House of Cards*, *Bar aux Folies-Bergere*

November 13-15, *Les Sylphides*, *Winter Night*, *Judgement of Paris*, *Facade*

17 Her Majesty's, Brighton
24 Playhouse, Kidderminster

Dec. 1 Lyric, Hammersmith
8 Lyric, Hammersmith
15 Richmond Theatre, Richmond

INTERNATIONAL BALLET

Oct. 27 Theatre Royal, Newcastle

Nov. 3 Pavilion, Bournemouth

10 Hippodrome, Bristol

17 Theatre Royal, Hanley

FESTIVAL BALLET

The company is, at the moment, touring Italy. This may be followed by a tour of Switzerland and Holland.

Dec. 26 Royal Festival Hall, London (programme includes the full *Nutcracker* and a new version of *Harlequinade* to Drigo music with choreography by Peter Darrell)

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24 Grand Theatre, Blackpool

Dec. 1 The Palace, Manchester

8 Theatre Royal, Birmingham

Nov. 11 CARAVAN ESPAGNOL Casino, London (for one month)

Nov. 9-16-23 BALLET WORKSHOP *Balayeur* (choreography, Nadia de Lichtenberg; music, Lancel; decor, Ronald Yerrell)

Ouverture (choreography, Jack Carter; music, Bloch; decor, Norman MacDowell)
Peepshow (choreography, Walter Gore; music, Jean Francaix)

BALLET LEGAT

Principals—Eunice Gibson, Maya Koumani, Anthony Burke, Leon Ward, Colin Russell, Kathryn Beetham.

Repertoire—*Coppelia* (in three acts), *The Amazons* (choreography, Nadine Nischolaeva-Legat; decor, Rhoda Gray; ballet based on a poem by John Masefield), *The Young Hercules* (choreography, Anthony Burke; music, Saint Saens; decor, Marquis MacSwiney of Mashanaglass), *Symphony for Fun* (choreography, Anthony Burke; music, Don Gillis), *Polish Wedding* (choreography, Jan Cieplinski; decor, Halina Halecz; music, traditional).

Oct. 27 Tunbridge Wells

Nov. 10 Kings Theatre, Hammersmith

17 Kings Theatre, Hammersmith

New Books

The following books have been received and will be reviewed in the December number:

Dance and Drama in Bali, by Beryl de Zoete (Faber & Faber, 63/-).

Ballet, an album of photographs by Serge Lido (Art et Industrie).

Supplement to Complete Book of Ballets, by Cyril Beaumont (Putnam, 21/-).

An Intruder at the Ballet, by Monk Gibbon (Phoenix House, 21/-).

Stage by Stage, by Peter Daubeny (John Murray, 16/-).

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The Theatre Ballet of Sadler's Wells, by Roger Wood (Phoenix House, 7/6).

Dancers of the World in Colour, by Gordon Anthony (Phoenix House, 4/6).

Dancers of Sadler's Wells Ballet in Colour, by Gordon Anthony (Phoenix House, 4/6).

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